Inside UFOs

True Accounts of Contact

Preston Dennett

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“Inside UFOs: True Accounts of Contact with Extraterrestrials”

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Introduction

I have investigated UFOs for thirty years. In that time I've come to know the phenomenon quite well. So when someone sits down before me and says, "I think I may have been contacted by aliens," I already have a pretty good idea of what they're going to say. However, despite my close familiarity with the subject, as the witness begins to reveal their story, I still feel the same sense of awe and disbelief that I felt when I first began to research UFOs.

UFOs are real--I am now far past the point of any doubt. There is simply too much evidence, including eyewitness testimonies supported by lie detector tests, photos and films, radar-return cases, medical evidence (including injuries and healings), animal reaction cases, electromagnetic effects, implant removal cases, landing trace accounts, not to mention thousands of pages of government documents supporting UFO reality. And yet, each time I hear the firsthand account of somebody who has experienced face-to-face contact with extraterrestrials, I can only shake my head in wonder. How can something like this happen? Are people really being abducted by aliens? Why does mainstream society ignore this subject? Will we ever be ready to face the truth?

This is the fourteenth book I've written about UFOs. As many ufologists will confess, once you become involved in this subject it can be very difficult to extricate yourself from it. Those who know me have learned long ago to put up with my obsession with the subject. While I still get strange looks and skeptical comments, I have also become something of a local clearing-house for UFO stories. Publicly many people may profess their skepticism of the subject. But privately, these same people often approach me with their own dramatic accounts of UFO contact. Clearly, this type of experience is considerably more common than most people believe.

That has been the main inspiration for writing this book. So many people are having very close UFO encounters, and yet almost nobody is talking about it. When I first interview a UFO witness, many will start their testimony with some variation of the caveats: "I've never told this to anybody; I don't take drugs; I'm not crazy; I've got a good job; I'm well educated…" As they hesitatingly reveal their account, I can see them gauge my reactions--testing the waters--to see if they should continue with their story. Only after I reassure them do they quakingly and emotionally gush out their story. Still as they speak, they continue to study me, looking for my reactions.

I try, of course, to remain calm and objective. But inside, my mind spins. I'm thinking, *I've heard this before.* Investigators call them "red flags," rare but consistent details which help verify and corroborate the accounts. After you begin to recognize these clues, the consistency of the accounts destroys any possibility of denial. Despite hearing such stories for more than thirty years, I still become shaken when the red flags appear.

People *are* having face-to-face contact with extraterrestrials. People are being taken inside UFOs, into what appear to be extra-terrestrial spacecraft. Inside these craft they experience a wide variety of events. That is what the evidence is showing us.

This book reveals ten new cases of very close encounters with UFOs. All the cases are firsthand, original and unpublished. All the accounts involve extensive interaction between the witnesses and the phenomenon. All are absolutely true.

I personally find that true UFO stories are among the most profound of all human experiences. Many witnesses describe their UFO encounters as a pivotal or peak event in their lives. They were pushed to the edge of reality by an incident that challenged them on multiple levels, physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. A very close encounter with a UFO can leave a person completely transformed. Certainly, most of the witnesses feel this way, and this has become a major theme of the book.

This book, I believe, explodes the myth that the UFO contact is primarily about missing time abductions and medical examinations by gray-type aliens. Instead we see that contact occurs in a wide variety of ways, with abductions being only a small portion of a much larger spectrum. Much more common than abduction, in fact, is face-to-face contact with ET entities on Earth, usually in people's own homes. ETs reveal their presence to the witnesses in a wide variety of ways including poltergeist-like manifestations, dreams or even, believe it or not, by cell phone.

While some accounts do reveal an interest in hybridization on the ET's part, an equally prominent pattern is the revelation of warnings and prophecies involving upcoming disasters. ETs also exhibit an interest in teaching people about alternative healing methods, alternative energy sources, and various psychic abilities. There is a much wider variety of ET-types being reported including not only grays, but insectoid, humanoid and even completely human-looking ETs. Clearly we must move beyond the standard abduction-examination model of contact if we want to attain a full understanding of what is really going on.

Much of the recent research in the field of extraterrestrial contact has been skewed towards missing-time abductions, with memories of the events retrieved through hypnotic regression. Of the ten cases in this book, however, only two involve the use of hypnosis, and these cases easily stand up without the use of hypnosis. Therefore, any arguments of false memory syndrome or hypnotically-generated memories can be easily laid to rest. All the cases in this book involve extensive interaction with the phenomenon and would be classified under the J. Allen Hynek system as close encounters of the third or fourth kind.

This book is about what *really* happens when people are contacted by extraterrestrials. It presents an honest and accurate sampling of cases from across the United States and the world, involving both men and women of varying age, sex, religion, education and race.

Onboard UFO experiences appear to be a historically new event for humanity. While many researchers have attempted to link these events to other historical

paranormal phenomena, such as elves, fairies, demons and angels, the connection to UFOs appears to be tenuous at best. There are some intriguing correlations and similarities, but there is a glaring absence of evidence of actual alien contact. There are few or no historical accounts before the 1900s in which people claim to have been taken inside a flying object.

The earliest abductions on record seem to date about the 1920s. Prior to that--while strange flying objects were seen in the sky--nobody (excepting perhaps Ezekiel in the Bible) claims to have been inside one. However, even while abductions were taking place in the first half of the 20th century, the events were neither recorded nor publicly known.

The first glimmerings of the possibility of face-to-face contact with ETs and/or onboard experiences arrived in the mid-1950s when a small group of individuals (mostly from the United States) claimed to have not only seen UFOs, but to have been inside them.

These people have come to be known as "contactees." The first and most prominent among them was amateur astronomer, George Adamski of Palomar, California.

When several waves of sightings swept across the state, Adamski became intrigued and began to photograph the objects. He eventually took hundreds of photos, only a few of which captured the objects in any detail. However, interest in his photos was high, and Adamski was inspired to continue. He soon discovered that, on occasion, the UFOs seemed to appear before his camera, as if posing.

In 1953, Adamski dropped the bombshell with his book, *Inside the Flying Saucers*, in which he described how, in Desert Center, California, he and a group of friends attempted to make contact. Adamski wrote that a UFO landed in the desert and he conversed (using mostly hand-signals) with a beautiful human-looking ET male. This event was viewed from a distance by his friends, each of whom verified Adamski's version of events, and despite the controversies which followed, have never retracted their statements.

While Adamski's contacts continued, several other people--mostly men--claimed to have similar experiences. In 1954, Truman Betherum of Nevada released his book which detailed his numerous onboard experiences.

The floodgates were now open and the contactee age had begun. In 1955, Orpheo Angelucci revealed in his book how he had been taken inside a UFO and given messages of a spiritual nature. In 1956, Howard Menger of New Jersey released his book, *From Outer Space to You*, which detailed his encounters with a group of human-looking ETs.

Many others followed including the Mitchell sisters (some of the only females claiming UFO contact), George Van Tassel and others.

In 1966, an engineer and scientist from New Mexico, Dr. Daniel Fry, put his reputation on the line with his account of being taken inside a flying object which took

him on a ride, and where he was given information.

While the contactees were whole-heartedly embraced by an eager society, today their accounts have divided the UFO community. Some major UFO researchers have categorically labeled them as outright hoaxes, while others support the veracity of these accounts.

Sometime around the late 1960s, the contactee age ended, or more likely, was forced underground. While encounters with friendly human-like ETs continued, these accounts were being pushed aside and overwhelmed by a new phenomenon known as a UFO abduction.

The first abduction to receive any widespread publicity was that of a Brazilian farmer by the name of Antonio Villas Boas.

On October 16, 1957, Villas Boas was plowing his field in the early morning hours when a bright light (which had been seen intermittently over his farm for the past several days) suddenly dropped out of the sky and landed in his field, revealing itself to be a small metallic craft. Two beings exited the craft and dragged an unwilling and terrified Villas Boas inside, where he was subjected to a strange examination and then was forcibly seduced by a short humanoid woman before being released. Afterwards, Villas Boas suffered symptoms that doctors would now likely diagnose as radiation-sickness.

When the case was publicly revealed, it had little impact beyond the UFO community. Even though there were outside witnesses and physical evidence to support his account, the details were so bizarre that few took them seriously.

The real bombshell that changed everything occurred in 1966 with the release of John G. Fuller's book, *The UFO Incident*, which detailed the experiences of Barney and Betty Hill.

Five years earlier in 1961, the Hills encountered a UFO while driving through the mountains in New Hampshire. Initially, they believed they had experienced only a sighting. However, when they returned home, several details indicated that something beyond a simple sighting had occurred.

They had arrived home too late and could not account for about two hours of time. A strange ring of warts had appeared on Barney's groin. Their car had several strange polished spots on the hood, which were magnetized. The dress Betty had worn that evening was ripped and stained in a manner that she could not explain. And finally, Betty--and to a lesser extent Barney--began suffering from nightmares and flashbacks of being taken inside the object.

When the nightmares continued, Betty sought counseling and eventually went under hypnosis. Later, Barney was also hypnotically regressed.

The Hills were a well-respected professional couple and when their story was publicly revealed and the book published, the results were like an atomic explosion. The Hills became celebrities. Their stories were discussed in numerous newspapers and magazines, and they appeared on a wide variety of radio and television programs.

The Hills' 1961 onboard UFO experience was a watershed event, and for the first time, the concepts of missing time and UFO abduction entered the public consciousness. Their experience not only revealed that the Earth was being visited by aliens, it opened the door for other people to reveal their own accounts.

While the United States' military continued to secretly study UFOs and publicly deny and ridicule civilian witnesses, UFO abductions were occurring regularly to our citizens. The U.S. military's decision to debunk a phenomenon that was clearly real caused the formation of numerous special interest groups dedicated to studying UFOs. Most prominent among these was a small citizen's group headed by a young couple named Coral and Jim Lorenzen from Arizona. The Aerial Phenomena Research Association (APRO) became the biggest group of its kind and was the predecessor for other later influential groups such as the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS), the National Investigative Committee of Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), and the now largest group, the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).

The Lorenzens were pioneers of the UFO movement and they were quick to recognize UFO abductions as a valid. Their seminal book, *Abducted!,* was published the same year as Fuller's book about the Hills, and revealed a half-dozen new cases from across the United States, and was the second book ever published on the subject of UFO abductions.

Robert Kent's book, *The Terror above Us,* was published one year later in 1967, and detailed the two-days-long abduction of two brothers, Jason and Robert Steiner in upstate New York in 1958.

For many years, these three books remained alone in the UFO abduction literature. No new major books detailing onboard experiences were published for the next decade. Abduction cases continued to occur, but most were not reported and only a very small number of cases received any kind of publicity.

In 1967, Patrolman Herbert Schirmer of Nebraska encountered a UFO and experienced a period of missing time. Under hypnosis he recalled being taken onboard a craft by human-looking ETs. They showed him the engine room, warned him of upcoming disasters, explained that they had nearby bases and promised to see him again. The fact that Schirmer was a police officer and had no motive to concoct such a story propelled him into the media spotlight and his case became the most famous of that year.

In 1969, researcher Charles Bowen released his landmark book, *The Humanoids*, which revealed dozens of cases of face-to-face encounters and forced many UFO researchers to accept the fact that UFOs were piloted by entities.

The abduction phenomenon continued steadily, but it wasn't until 1973 that any cases received significant media exposure. On that year, two fishermen from Pascagoula, Mississippi--Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker--were fishing when a flying object landed next to them. They were rendered paralyzed as a robotic figure exited the craft and dragged them inside. Parker fainted in fear, but Hickson remained

calm enough to observe the surroundings. He was placed on a table as a large bright light attached to an instrument of some kind descended from the ceiling and examined his body. He lost consciousness and both men woke up to watch the object ascend into the sky.

The men rushed to the police who, after investigating, became convinced of the men's honesty. UFO researchers converged upon the case and were similarly convinced of its authenticity.

Two years later, a woodcutter from Snowflake, Arizona would become one of the most famous abductees to date. In 1975, a group of six men were in the Sitgreaves National Forest when they saw a UFO hovering alongside the dirt mountain road. One of the woodcutters, Travis Walton, had always been interested in UFOs--having known people who had seen them--and on impulse, he rushed out of the pickup to stand beneath the object.

At that moment, there was a strong electrical discharge which struck Walton and rendered him unconscious. The men in the pickup fled in fear and when they returned to the scene, Walton was missing. A manhunt ensued during which the woodcutters were suspected of murdering Walton and covering up his death.

Five days later, Walton phoned from a telephone booth alongside a local road. He had been taken inside the UFO, he said.

The sensational nature of Walton's case propelled him into the media spotlight. The fact that six other men had seen him struck by a beam of light from the UFO and had never varied their story, and had passed lie detector tests (except for one man who was so emotionally distraught that his test was inconclusive) made their case one of the best authenticated. Walton's experience became the subject of two books, one which was Walton's own autobiographical account, which later became the basis for the Hollywood blockbuster, *Fire in the Sky*.

Also in 1975, Air Force Sergeant Charles Moody of New Mexico was abducted inside a UFO. He had gone out in the evening to view a meteor shower when a bright light dropped out of the sky in front of his vehicle. His memory became shrouded and he experienced missing time. Over the next few weeks, his memory returned and he recalled his experience in full detail.

Moody said that human-looking figures had taken him forcibly from his vehicle and into the craft. He was laid out and examined and given various messages and returned. During the scuffle he had been injured in his back, and he recalled that the ETs had healed him with a cylindrical device.

One year later on January 6, 1976, three friends, Louise Smith, Mona Stafford and Elaine Thomas were driving near their homes in Stanford, Kentucky when a UFO began to hover over their car. Thomas, who was driving, sped up and tried unsuccessfully to outrun the craft. Next the car was pulled upward off the highway and into the sky, and then sucked up into whatever was hovering overhead.

Their next memory was finding themselves further along the highway. The object was still overhead, but it was now retreating and more than an hour had passed. Each of the women suffered a frightening array of symptoms including first degree burns on their neck and chest, bruises, severe eye irritation, nausea, loss of appetite and weight loss.

They also suffered from bizarre and frightening nightmares and flashbacks. Each of them was placed under hypnosis and recalled a harrowing ordeal during which they were separated and placed into different rooms and subject to painful examinations.

Three years later, a housewife from Massachusetts by the name of Betty Andreasson became the subject of an intense investigation. *The Andreasson Affair,* by pioneering researcher Raymond Fowler was released in 1979 and told Andreasson's experience of being taken inside a UFO and subjected to a wide variety of procedures. The book was followed up by several others which detailed her ongoing encounters.

While the number of abduction cases was mounting, they were still so rare as to be statistically insignificant. By the end of the 1970s, only a few dozen cases at most had been publicly revealed. Nevertheless, the phenomenon of UFO abductions had been firmly established.

The 1980s, however, would change the way everybody felt about UFO abductions. In 1981, artist Budd Hopkins of New York released his book, *Missing Time*, which detailed several cases of UFO abductions. Written in a forthright style, with transcripts of the hypnosis sessions, the book did very well and was picked up by another major publisher and turned into a best-seller.

Hopkins became the leading abduction investigator in the United States, researching hundreds of cases from across the United States and the world. His first book was followed by several others.

Then in 1988, the abduction phenomenon caught fire when a successful and well-known horror novelist by the name of Whitley Strieber released his book, *Communion: A True Story*, which detailed his abduction by apparent aliens from his cabin in upstate New York. Strieber was the first celebrity to come out of the UFO closet and his book broke publishing records, and was the first book about UFOs to hit the number one spot on the New York Times bestseller list.

By this point, the abduction phenomenon became cemented into American culture, with a continuous outflow of books, articles, radio shows, television programs, films and a later explosion of UFO material across the internet.

A small but growing group of therapists and investigators formed to handle the burgeoning caseload. People like Budd Hopkins, David Jacobs Ph.D., John Mack MD, James Harder Ph.D., Leo Sprinkle Ph.D., Barbara Lamb MFCC, Tim Beckley, Yvonne Smith, John Carpenter MD, Dolores Cannon, Edith Fiore Ph.D., Philip Imbrogno and many others (I might mention myself here!) investigated scores of cases and worked hard to disseminate the information to the general public.

Today UFO abductions are becoming a recognized part of the human experience. Those who have experienced contact with extraterrestrials have no choice when it

comes to believing in UFOs. As a result of their experiences, they know the truth. And it is these people who have allowed their stories to be told in book.

The stories in this book are true. All information and conversations were derived entirely from extensive interviews with the witnesses.

Chapter One: Invited Aboard

"I've been in contact with aliens since I was ten years old."

Kevin Kamman looked at his best friend, Larry Larson [pseudonym] in shock. "You're kidding!" They were in their cabin aboard the Navy ship where they had been assigned.

Larry shook his head. He told Kevin that they had taken him from his farm when he was a kid in Indiana and followed him his entire life. He said that he was still in touch with them, and that they had actually taken him to their planet and to several other planets.

Kevin shook his head in disbelief. He had known Larry for about four years, ever since August of 1978 when they were both assigned to the same compartment aboard ship. Kevin was one of two hospital corpsmen on the ship, and Larry was a personnel clerk. They were both in their mid-twenties.

Living in the same compartment, they quickly became friends, and before long, whenever they had "liberty," they would leave the ship and explore the foreign ports together. Kevin was amazed by the way Larry seemed fearless of experiencing new things, and marveled at the way he gobbled down all of the bizarre foreign delicacies. One time Larry gleefully ate a big bowl of cream-of-fish-head soup, complete with fish eyeballs, while Kevin looked on in horror.

Currently it was 1982 and they were located in the Pacific Ocean, a few days out from the Philippines. The subject of UFOs came up and Larry was now coming out of the blue, claiming that his "alien friends" had taken him to other planets.

Kevin instantly thought back to the term paper he had done in high school. Everyone in class was expected to write a paper on a controversial subject, and thinking he could disprove the phenomenon, he chose UFOs. Instead, he came away convinced and wrote his term paper concluding that UFOs exist. However, he had never actually seen one.

He told Larry that while he believed in UFOs, he couldn't help but be a little skeptical of his claims. Larry just smiled.

Two days later, Kevin was in their compartment when Larry walked in and said, "I just got back from a trip to your house."

Kevin looked at him with disbelief. His home was in San Diego, thousands of miles from where they were. No aircraft had come and gone from the ship. There was no possible way Larry could have visited his home. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"My friends took me to your house," Larry repeated. "I was at your house. I just got back."

"Yeah, sure, you were," Kevin said.

It was at this point, that Larry looked him in the eye and told him to listen. "He started describing things about my house," says Kevin. "He described a 1966 Ford Galaxy 500 that my parents had, down to the chocolate milkshake stain on the backseat. I didn't have any pictures of that particular car, he had never seen any pictures of that car, so he had no idea that we even owned it. And yet he had a lot of details about it correct. Then he started describing some of the furniture that was in the house, and the carpet that we had. The details were too accurate to know that he was making this up. He described my bedroom. He had so many details and he had them so right, I was wondering how he had his information. And he said his friends had come and gotten him and taken him to my house."

Kevin was shocked, and wondered if Larry might be hooked up with the CIA or something. But even that wouldn't explain another very strange detail. Everything that Larry was describing, while totally accurate, was at least ten, maybe fifteen years *in the past*. The 1966 Ford Galaxy had been sold in 1970. The furniture and carpet Larry described had also been thrown away more than ten years earlier. Even the details about Kevin's bedroom--while correct--applied to the early 1970s.

This bizarre "out-of-time" aspect of Larry's descriptions upset Kevin more than the accuracy of the information itself, mainly because it seemed to be an impossibility. While Larry had apparently been to Kevin's house as he claimed, the only way he could have seen what he did was if he had somehow *time traveled.* Of course, this was impossible, he assumed, but what other explanation was there?

Whatever the reason, Kevin was intrigued. Perhaps, he thought, his friend was telling the truth after all. He turned to Larry and said, "Okay, then. I want to meet your little green friends."

Larry raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Well, I'll talk to them and see what they have to say. I'll let you know in a couple of days."

While Kevin was convinced that there had to be some truth to Larry's claims, he still didn't really take his promise to talk to the aliens seriously. Two days later, however, Larry came up to Kevin and said, "Well, I talked to them, and they said that they'll be more than happy to take you for a little ride."

Kevin laughed. "Sure, no problem," he said, still thinking that it was somehow a joke. "When?"

"Tomorrow," Larry said.

The next day started normally. Kevin reported to his post and performed his daily duties. On the ship, lunch was served from 11:30 AM to 1:00 PM. Kevin ate his lunch in the mess hall and returned to his compartment. It was just a few minutes after noon when Larry popped his head into the room. "They're here," he said.

"What? Who?" Kevin asked.

"Go ahead," said Larry. "Go up on the main deck. You'll see them."

Still skeptical, Kevin left his cabin and walked the short distance to the main deck. The moment he got on deck, he saw it: an enormous, diamond-shaped object

hovering alongside the ship at an altitude of only a few hundred feet. He literally couldn't believe his eyes. "I walked up on the main deck," says Kevin, "and there in front of me was this object that was maybe six city-blocks big. We're talking something the size of downtown. I mean, this thing was huge, and it was glowing all these beautiful colors. It was like a diamond. If you were to take a diamond about that big and shine a bright light through it and spin it--there were all the colors of the rainbow. It was flashing all these beautiful bright colors in a random pattern. There was red, yellow, green, purple, orange—all these intense colors and they were all as bright as the sun. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life."

Kevin's ship was exactly 528 feet long. The diamond-shaped object was at least three times longer, and could have been much larger. It hung above the ship, extending past it on both ends. The sheer size of it was frightening.

Then he remembered he was supposed to be taken for a ride, and he thought to himself, "I change my mind. I don't want to go." What was supposed to be a joke had suddenly become deadly serious.

He stared at the object for only a few seconds before he began to wonder. There were approximately 250 people on board the ship. Surely somebody else had to be seeing this. A few feet away two men were engrossed in a conversation, apparently unaware of the mountain-sized object hovering above them.

Kevin recognized Tony, a mess cook, and ran up to him. He grabbed his shoulder and began shaking him vigorously, while at the same time, pointing towards the ship and screaming, "Look! Tony, look! Look up here! Look, Tony, look at this!"

No matter how hard he tried, Kevin could not get his attention. Says Kevin, "He acted like I wasn't even there; he just ignored me."

He was still shaking Tony's shoulder when there was a strange shift and Kevin suddenly found that he was no longer on the deck of his ship. Instead he was looking down at it from above. With a sickening thud, he realized he was now onboard the diamond-shaped object.

Says Kevin, "All of a sudden, I'm on this craft, looking down. And I can see right through the wall and right through the floor. No matter where I look, I can see through it. I could see that it was solid around the outside edges, but where I was looking at through the center, it was perfectly clear. It was like looking through a window. And I could see my ship pulling away."

Kevin stood next to the wall of the craft, peering out. Each time he turned his head, an oval-shaped section of the ship turned transparent exactly where he was looking. As he looked down at his ship receding into the distance, he was surprised to see his own figure standing there, still shaking Tony's shoulder.

Still, it was obvious to him that he was physically onboard the alien craft. "Oh, my God!" he thought. "I'm AWOL!"

At that instant, a male voice came into his head and said, "No, you're not. They don't even know you're gone."

The voice sent a shock of fear through him, and reminded him again that he was no longer on his ship. “My God, this can’t be happening,” he thought. “This can’t be true!”

A second, different male voice responded, “Yes, it is. It’s what you wanted.”

Kevin tried to remain calm, but he was too frightened to turn around. Instead he reached out and pinched his left hand. Looking down, he could see that he had pinched so hard that he drew blood.

There was a quick unexpected shift and he realized that they had moved to a different location. The craft was now hovering over an urban area. Kevin was still looking outside through the transparent section of the craft. With a sudden jolt, he realized he was looking at the downtown section of Kinkakee, Illinois--his hometown. They were hovering just above Court Street, right next to what was then called the City National Bank Building, where his father was employed as an executive.

The building was six stories tall. The craft hovered directly next to the building, right between the fourth and fifth floors. Looking straight out, Kevin was amazed to see that he could not only see through the ship, but the walls of the bank building were also becoming transparent.

“I could see the inside of the building,” says Kevin. “I could see the steel I-beams that hold up the building. I could see the air conditioners and heating ducts. I could see the water pipes and the electrical conduits and all the substructure of the building. Not only could I see that, I could see *through* all that, three or four rooms deep and I was looking at my father sitting at his desk.”

Kevin was amazed. Only moments early, he had been on the other side of the world. Now here he was in his hometown, but it was still daytime, and his father was at work. Clearly, the craft had done more than just travel to the other side of the planet, otherwise it would be nighttime in Illinois. Therefore, they must have time-traveled.

He watched as his father conducted his business, talking to other people who were in his office. Before he had a chance to observe further, there was another sudden shift.

They were now six miles away from the bank, hovering about 400 feet above the church where his mom worked as a schoolteacher. Again, he was able to see through the floor of the craft, through the ceiling of the church, and into the room where his mother was teaching. “I could see my mother standing at the front of the class writing on a blackboard,” Kevin explains. “I vividly remember what she was writing. It’s a reference to Jesus, I’m sure. I don’t know what Bible verse. I didn’t see the whole thing. I just saw her writing: ‘His countenance is white as snow.’”

One of the voices spoke telepathically: “You have good parents. Your mother and father are both honorable people. They are very good people and have done a good job.”

Kevin wondered to himself, “How do they know my parents? Why are they showing me this?” Slightly calmed, but still too afraid to turn around and look at who

was talking to him, Kevin had no time to think before there was another shift.

He was still looking down through the floor of the craft. Instead of his hometown, however, he saw something very different. "We're cruising along," says Kevin. "It's cold. I can tell it's cold. It's dark and it's gray. I'm looking down through the floor of this craft, and it looks like miles and miles and miles of gray-black dark sand. And then it looks like craters down below me--big craters, little craters, a couple of ridges, a small mountain off in the distance. I was thinking to myself, 'My God, this looks like the moon!' And then we crested up over a ridge. And I will never forget seeing the North American and South American continent, and the globe off in the distance, just like you see in the pictures taken from the moon--Earth."

Kevin candidly admits that he nearly loosened his bowels at the sight. He had no idea why they were showing him this. However, seconds later there was another shift, and the ship was now in a different location. This time Kevin was again convinced they had time traveled, because he was now over his home town, looking at himself as a young child.

"We were over my house where I grew up when I was a kid. I saw myself coming out of the house. I was maybe twelve years old. I walked across the street and talked to my grandmother who was sitting on the front porch. She died in 1972. I saw myself talking to her. We were hovering above my house and I could see two or three blocks around. And I saw myself walk down the corner and into the grocery store. And as I shut the door to the grocery store--boom!"

Suddenly they were in a different location. As if to prove that they were actually time traveling, Kevin found himself looking at another scene from his life--except this one was from the future. Says Kevin, "I could tell I was a little bit older, a few years older. I was riding a motorcycle and I got hit. It was just a freak accident. I saw myself on a motorcycle and I saw a car hit me. I didn't see where it came from or anything like that because it happened so quickly, and I only saw maybe five seconds of the whole thing. But I saw myself lying on the ground, and it looked like I wasn't moving. I figured I was dead. I thought they showed me how I died."

At this time, Kevin felt himself not only on the edge of panic, but suffering from sensory overload. Still too afraid to turn around and look, he gathered his wits and began to ask questions. He didn't speak out loud and instead just thought his questions. "Where are you from?" he asked.

Their response was astounding. Says Kevin, "Instantly, all these lights floated around me and I was standing in the middle of it. And it was a 3-D star chart. I figured it was our galaxy and I looked off to our right and I was able to pick out our solar system. It was like a 3-D model of our solar system and it covered an area of five to seven feet. I recognized Jupiter and Mars. I saw the Earth and the moon and I realized that I was standing in the middle of this 3-D star chart."

"Do you see the red flashing light at the far end?" they asked.

About 75 feet away, on the opposite end of the room, a tiny star was blinking vivid red.

"That's where we are from."

Says Kevin, "They told me the name of their planet, but I couldn't begin to say what it was. It sounded like *Zizzutzzizit*, or something like that. And don't quote me on that because I couldn't understand what they said. It didn't sound like anything that we know. It had a lot of syllables. They told me they speak every language on our planet, fluently--every dialect."

They also told Kevin the name of their species, but as Kevin says, "I couldn't tell you what it was. It sounded as weird to me as their planet. It sounded like gibberish. Because they were talking among themselves, and it was all gibberish to me."

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"We have been here a long time," they replied. "Our objective is only to observe. We are not here to interfere with your religious beliefs or your political beliefs. We are only here to observe."

"Do you eat?" he asked them.

"Yes, we eat," they replied.

"Are you going to eat me?" Kevin thought.

The ETs almost laughed. "No," one of them said. "You watch too many horror movies. We are not going to eat you. We are here only to observe."

They then told Kevin that when humans discovered and began testing atomic weaponry, it caused them to pay much closer attention, and that it also drew the interest of other ETs. Says Kevin, "They told me that when we exploded the atom bomb, that started a countdown clock."

At that point, they didn't explain what they meant by a "countdown clock," but Kevin had the impression that it meant some type of apocalyptic scenario.

They then showed Kevin a series of future natural disasters that would occur on various locations of the planet, all on a vivid three-dimensional screen, as if he were actually there, surveying the scene from a window. Says Kevin, "They showed me mudslides and volcanic eruptions, hurricanes and floods, and more hurricanes. These were natural disasters that were going to happen."

"These are things that are going to come," they said.

Kevin continued to ask them questions. The beings quickly answered with a flood of information. Says Kevin, "They told me the Roswell crash was true. They told me that they themselves did not have a government. They told me that they do interact with our government, and that there were four other species that they knew of that also interact with our government. And not only do they interact with our government, they interact with most of the other major governments on the face of the Earth, and they have been for years and years. They told me, 'Oh, yes, we interact with your government all the time. We are getting technology from them.' They also told me that they can cloak

themselves. If there is a group of people standing around, they can make themselves visible to half the group and not to half the group."

Kevin asked many other questions, though the experience was so overwhelming that he is not sure if he remembers everything that occurred. At one point he asked them, "Is there a God?"

The ETs hesitated for only a moment, during which Kevin was surprised to sense fear coming from them. "We cannot answer that question," they replied. "We have a higher authority to answer to and are not allowed to discuss it."

Kevin was puzzled by the response (and still is today.) Each time he thought about where he was and what was happening to him, he felt another wave of fear. Says Kevin, "You've got to understand, I was scared to death the whole time this was going on. I was fearful for my life. I still hadn't looked at them yet. I still didn't know what they looked like."

In fact, Kevin was so distracted and frightened to observe, that he still had no idea what the craft looked like. All he could see was the floor which appeared to be a dark metal grate with steam rising from below. The room was also very well lit, though he couldn't pinpoint any light source. Says Kevin, "I know there was more than one level because I remember seeing some stairs that went down below me. I remember looking under the grate--through the grate--because it was like walking on a fire escape."

Kevin estimates that about thirty minutes passed before he finally began to gather the courage to turn around. First he asked them, "What do you look like?"

"Well, we're not little and we're not green."

In any other situation, Kevin would have been able to better appreciate the humor. It did at least serve to calm his nerves slightly, though he did notice that they evaded his question.

"We don't look like you," they said.

"Well, that's nice," Kevin replied, still waiting for a clearer response.

"Sometimes we might scare you if you look at us."

He had to look at them sooner or later. He took a deep breath and turned around. Only then did he realize how large the room was, at least fifty feet across. It was strange, he said, because at times the room seemed to change size. The walls and ceiling were dazzling white, and there were also some shiny silver panels or beams situated throughout the room. Kevin saw that he was standing against the wall of the room, almost behind a chest-high panel that that ran part-way across the inner circumference. He stepped out from behind the panel and looked towards the center of the room.

There was a raised circular dais in the center of the room. On the dais were three enormous marble-white chairs with huge, majestic, circular backrests.

As he watched, the chairs swiveled and faced him. He fell back against the console. Sitting in the chairs were three gigantic Praying Mantises. One of them stood

up. Kevin gulped as he realized it was more than twice his height. He estimated that it stood about fifteen feet tall.

To Kevin, they looked very much like enormous insects. Their skin was milky white from head to toe. They had a long slender body, with stick-like legs and arms and three claw-like fingers on each hand. They had an enormous head and two huge, triangular-shaped black eyes which rested on either side of the head. Kevin estimated that their head was easily five times as large as a human's; their eyeballs alone were slightly larger than a basketball. He didn't notice any ears or nose, however, they did have a proboscis, similar to what you'd find on a smaller Praying Mantis.

Kevin was most impressed by their incredible size, especially of their heads. Clearly, these beings were *extremely* intelligent. Says Kevin, "Their head was four times as big as ours, and their two eyes were so huge that my head could fill up one eyeball by itself. I noticed that when one of them turned his head to the side, he had a membrane covering the outside of the skull, and you could see what appeared to be gray brain matter. And I just thought to myself, 'What a vast storehouse of knowledge.'"

At some point Kevin glanced behind him and saw that he was leaning up against a chest-high console, like a desk that extended about twenty feet along the inner circumference of the room. Says Kevin, "To me the console looked really cheap, and by that I mean like something out of a 1950s science fiction movie. It had a couple of little TV screens. It had switches and dials. There were three or four rows of switches, with maybe eight or ten on each row. There were maybe two or three rows of what I would call oven dials because that's what they reminded me of. They were black. There was what appeared to me to be hieroglyphics--more like symbols. I don't know if it was writing or not. There were a few lights: amber lights, red lights, green lights, yellow lights."

Kevin was surprised by the sparse appearance of the console. Most of it was empty surface, with only a small portion having equipment. Kevin was a throttle-man on his ship, the control room of which contained far more equipment than was present here. Even the sets of *Star Trek*, he thought, looked more advanced than this.

At this point, Kevin again noticed another strange effect. The console suddenly seemed to extend in length, while the room itself seemed to expand and contract. Says Kevin, "It was weird. The console seemed to grow in length. And I know that sounds weird, but it also seemed like the room got bigger too. At different times it seemed like I was in a compact area about fifteen feet in diameter. At other times, it seemed like it was sixty feet in diameter."

Suddenly, one of the figures stepped off the dais in the center of the room. He took two long strides and approached the console next to Kevin, and began turning one of the dials. Kevin backed away, trying to put more distance between him and the fifteen-foot-tall figure. He was frightened by the way such a large creature could move so quickly. Says Kevin, "They moved very quickly. And like I said, these things were at

least fifteen feet tall. I could be *under*estimating their size. I've never seen anything that big in my life."

"Would you like to go to our planet?" one of them asked.

"No, thank you." Kevin replied, trying to control his fear.

While he had total freedom of movement, he knew that he was totally at their mercy. He wanted nothing more than get away from these creatures and return back to his ship. He had no idea what their plans were for him and wondered if they were going to experiment on him. As he says, "I remember feeling like a trapped rat, and I couldn't find an escape because I knew that *they* knew what I was thinking. So it wouldn't have done any good anyway. My main concern was to get the hell out of there, which at the time really wasn't anything I had any control over. I was totally at their mercy. And I was just going along for the ride at this point, and I was sorry as hell that I even asked to meet them. I was scared. I've got to say, if they were to make themselves known on Earth, and they were doing some of the things they were doing to me to the average person, they would be treated like Gods. Everybody would be able to accept them."

Suddenly, one of the creatures stepped down from the center dais and strode directly towards Kevin. Says Kevin, "He walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. And that's when I really became fearful and started fighting them. I was hyperventilating. I was scared to death."

Kevin fought for a few seconds before losing consciousness. What felt like seconds later, he regained consciousness lying in his bed in his compartment on the ship. He was still frightened, hyperventilating and trying to fight off the creatures. His shirt was completely soaked with perspiration. He sat up abruptly. *What just happened?* he wondered. *Hadn't he just been onboard a UFO? Could it have been a dream?*

He whipped open the privacy curtains around his bed. Larry stood there, grinning ear to ear. "So, Kevin," he said, "Tell me about your ride."

Kevin, however, was in no mood to talk. In fact, he was confused, scared and traumatized. He regrets it now, but he did not react well. He stared at Larry coldly and walked away. Says Kevin, "I just walked away from him and ignored him. I never talked to him again after that. Whenever he would come into the compartment and I was in there, I would avoid him like the plague. I would walk to the other side of the ship."

Larry, of course, tried to approach him numerous times, but Kevin effectively ended their friendship. He was not so much mad at Kevin as he was afraid of what happened to him. The fear of becoming an alien specimen was too real to ignore. The mere sight of Larry frightened him. Says Kevin, "We had gone to lots of places together. He was one of my best friends on the ship at the time. But after that he was no longer a friend as far as I was concerned. He was somebody I feared. And I'm pretty sure he was upset about the fact that he lost a friend. We wanted to be friends, but I was scared. To this day I wonder if he was really an alien passing himself off as one of us, or not. If he did, he did a great job of it. I always thought he was normal."

Immediately after the experience he noticed that his left hand had a small wound on it. He instantly recalled how he had gotten it and felt another wave of fear. It was just another piece of evidence that proved to him that his experience was real.

It was almost 1:00 PM and the lunch period was just ending. That meant, Kevin realized, that he had spent 45 minutes onboard the craft. He decided to find Tony, the ship's cook who had been on the deck when the UFO appeared, and see if he could get some answers.

He walked up to Tony. "Hey, Tony," he said. "Do you remember at lunch time, when you were talking to Davis?" Kevin told Tony the gist of the conversation and then asked him, "Don't you remember me trying to talk to you?"

Tony's reaction shocked Kevin. He became very angry, and told Kevin that it had been a private conversation, and that obviously Davis had told him about the conversation. "You weren't there, Kamman," he said. "No, you weren't shaking my arm or trying to get my attention."

Kevin then located Davis and confronted him with the same story. Davis also reacted with anger, and said that he must have talked with Tony.

Following the experience, the memory of it strangely left Kevin's mind. As the days passed, he recalled only bits and pieces. He knew that he had been taken aboard the UFO and that it had been a very scary, but most of the details of the experience somehow eluded him. All he knew was, he didn't want it to happen again.

He stayed on the ship for another two years and then left the military. He never saw Larry again.

A few years later, in the late 1980s, he was watching television when there was a close-up image of a praying mantis. As if on cue, the wall of amnesia disintegrated and the memory of the experience swarmed into his mind. It took only a few minutes for most of the memories to return.

Kevin was stunned. Now he remembered. He had been invited to see the ETs. And he had accepted the invitation. He remembered it all. However, Kevin now faced another problem: he couldn't stop thinking about it. He decided that he had better reveal to his family what happened. His family was understanding and believed him, however, he did receive some ridicule from friends and acquaintances.

The years passed and he never forgot about the encounter. The memories remained vividly etched into his mind. Nineteen years later, in 2003, Kevin purchased a Harley Davidson Sportster. He owned it for exactly fourteen days. On the fifteenth day, he was returning from his brother's home when he was side-swiped by a car which pulled an illegal U-turn. Kevin was thrown from his bike and knocked unconscious. His left lower leg was shattered.

Thankfully, he survived. He spent the next twenty-two months in the hospital, undergoing surgeries to save his leg. Shortly after the accident, Kevin recalled that the ETs had warned him that it would happen.

He never had another UFO experience, nor does he want to. Over the years as storms like Hurricane Hugo and Hurricane Katrina occurred, he wondered if these might have been the ones he was shown.

More recently, in 2005, a mining disaster in Pennsylvania claimed the lives of eight men, sparing only one. There was extensive media coverage of the event. As Kevin watched the breaking news, his mind flashed back again to being on the ship and watching various disasters, including the one that was now before him.

He turned to his wife and said, "I've seen this before. They showed me this, on the UFO."

His wife, by now, was used to comments like this and did her best to comfort him. For Kevin, it was yet another piece of information that proved that his story was real.

Today Kevin has become increasingly interested in the UFO phenomenon, and more importantly, in sharing his story. As he says, the people have a right to know the truth. The only difference, he says, between he and other people, is that he *knows* UFOs are real. The top of his left hand still carries a faint scar where he pinched himself onboard the UFO.

Chapter Two: Taylor's Extraterrestrial Friends

It was a warm summer evening in 1964, and eleven-year-old Taylor Foster (pseudonym) was not about to disappoint his mother. She had just handed him an envelope containing the electric bill and a check, and she asked him to mail the letter at the drugstore, which was about three blocks down the street. The store was about to close in ten minutes, so he had to hurry. It was an important task, and Taylor happily agreed. He enjoyed getting out of the house.

He took the bill and dashed to the store. After he mailed the letter, he began the short walk back to his house. It was around 9:00 o'clock in the evening. Taylor was about halfway home when he noticed something very strange. Says Taylor, "All of a sudden, it was like everything was quiet. There were no city noises; it was just like a dead silence. I remember looking around. In fact, I stopped and kind of looked around because I thought how strange this was."

The Fosters' home was located along a fairly busy two-lane highway in a densely populated section of St. Louis, Missouri. There should be traffic on the road, Taylor knew, and yet, now the street was bizarrely empty.

Suddenly Taylor was seized with a strong impulse to look up. "When I looked up," he says, "I couldn't see any of the stars like I had before. As I stared, all I could see was the bottom of this object. There was kind of like a grid-work on the bottom. I could tell it was a vehicle, some kind of craft or something. And I thought, *well, this is strange.*"

Taylor estimated that the object was about forty feet directly overhead. He was standing next to a three-story apartment building, and the object hovered just above the top. He couldn't discern its shape or size, only that it was so large, it blotted out the entire sky above him. He had never heard of UFOs at this point, so he had no idea what he was seeing, other than it was some type of craft. The thought, "mothership," came to his mind, but he had no idea where this thought came from or what it meant.

Without warning, he was struck by a blinding beam of blue-white light. Says Taylor, "The only thing I really remember was a light. That's all I recall. And the next thing I know, I proceed home."

As he began the walk home, Taylor knew that something very profound had just happened to him. But even more amazing was the way he felt inside. Something very strange and wonderful was occurring. "This is the hardest thing to explain actually," says Taylor. "I could tell something had happened to me. It was like I had a new awareness of myself, other people...things. I suddenly saw, knew and thought about myself in a clearer way. It was like--not necessarily being older, but maybe being more intelligent perhaps. I felt smarter somehow. I'm not sure how to word this. But anyway, it was certainly a big change at that very moment. I didn't really know what had happened. I went home. I was really excited. I tried to tell my mother what had

happened, although I really didn't know what to tell her. It was hard to explain to her, just like it's hard to explain to you now. I remember saying something like: 'I feel as if a veil has been removed from my brain.' The only thing she was concerned about was that I had mailed the electric bill, and why was I so late?"

Only after Taylor had returned home and told his mother what happened did he realize that he couldn't account for more than an hour of time. The experience didn't frighten him. He had such a profound feeling of enlightenment that there was no room for fear. Whatever had happened to him, it seemed to be a very good thing. In a strange way, Taylor felt like he had just made a very important connection with some very important people.

Over the next few weeks, his feelings were confirmed. Taylor spontaneously recalled what had occurred during the missing hour. He recalled being taken onboard the craft, where he encountered beautiful, human-looking ETs.

Says Taylor, "I knew something profound had happened to me. Within a few days, whenever I would think about the event, I would see a picture in my mind of tall, thin men with long blond, straight hair, shoulder-length. I started recovering things. Certain things kept coming to my mind. What I realize now is I had some kind of conversation with what I would call the Nordics. I don't remember details. I remember the Nordics. There were two or three males, all dressed alike in a kind of uniform--what I would call a uniform. It was black and white. They all wore their hair just alike. They all looked really similar to each other. They weren't twins, but they looked a lot like each other. And they were tall. They stood very straight with perfect posture."

Taylor was amazed by the appearance of the beings. They were all very handsome, and very friendly. At this point, the beings held a long conversation with Taylor, though he is unable to remember what they said. Says Taylor, "I knew we had conversations, but I just can't remember what they were. I just remember things were lit up pretty bright, pretty clean. I just don't have a lot of details. I felt a real closeness to them, like they were like my best friends. More than friends--like family. It's just really hard to explain. I don't know what they did to me...it was definitely a positive encounter."

The encounter was a not only positive, it became a major turning point in Taylor's life. Prior to the event, he had been having some trouble keeping his grades up in school. In fact, he had been having trouble for years.

His difficulties actually dated back to when he was a very young toddler, at which time he began to exhibit a very bizarre trait--something Taylor now believes may be related to his relationship with the UFOs. Says Taylor, "My mother always claimed that from the earliest age I spoke a language that was something other than English. At times, my mother would have to rely on my little friends (my cousin and next-door neighbor), to know what I was saying."

At first, this dilemma caused no major problems. Taylor was a shy and timid child, and he made it through kindergarten and first grade with few difficulties. In

second grade, however, he was sent to the speech therapist several times before his speech problems finally disappeared completely.

Unfortunately, third grade proved to be a disaster. Taylor disliked the teacher and had little interest in schoolwork. Instead, he spent much of his time playing baseball, riding his bike or hanging out at a local house that was allegedly haunted. He never saw any ghosts there. In fact, strangely, says Taylor, "I don't recall much of anything of my time spent there."

For whatever reason, Taylor failed third grade. The next two years, he barely passed. It was then that his mother decided Taylor should attend private school.

By coincidence, this decision was made immediately following Taylor's missing time encounter. To his mother's delight, Taylor began earning straight A's. The improvement remained permanent, and Taylor not only caught up to his classmates, he rose to the top of his class, where he remained up through college. His mother, of course, attributed the improvement to the new private school. Taylor, however, knew the real reason. It was because of his encounter with his space friends.

By this time, he had concluded that he had, in fact, been inside the UFO, where he made friends with human-looking extraterrestrials. It seemed like science fiction, except it was true!

"This event changed my life forever," says Taylor, "and I credit it with who I am today. It set the tone for the rest of my life. I cannot stress enough that this was a life-changing event. I suddenly had an insatiable desire to learn, to read and read. After reading our set of encyclopedias, my mother couldn't keep me out of the public library."

The intimate and enlightened feeling of the encounter persisted strongly for several years. It was a magical time in Taylor's life as he basked in the after-effects. During the next three years, several other interesting incidents happened.

In 1965 and 1966, a huge flurry of sightings occurred directly over St. Louis. Says Taylor, "My parents and I used to go outside in the evening and watch them. They'd come across the city in waves. They were just bright lights in the sky. Sometimes there would be twenty or thirty at a time. Sometimes they would be in formation, sometimes they wouldn't be. If they were in formation, sometimes two or three would break off and do all kinds of crazy acrobatic stuff. They would put on a real show, zigzagging and hot-dogging in the sky...It was just a thing the family did at the time, and a lot of other families as well. It was kind of common."

For most people, looking at the UFOs was interesting, perhaps even thrilling. But for Taylor, the connection went much deeper than that. "Although I didn't talk about them to other people," explains Taylor, "they really became a part of my life. I felt a oneness and a closeness to them that I cannot explain to this day."

There was one other incident that Taylor didn't think was significant. At the time, it was a complete mystery. In retrospect, of course, he now realizes it was an extremely important event.

The incident occurred when Taylor's aunt decided to hold a family reunion. Taylor and his parents arrived early so Taylor could play with his cousins. His aunt had just bought a new swing-set for her daughter, so all the kids had converged upon it. As Taylor climbed around with the other kids, it happened. Says Taylor, "I was hanging from my knees upside down, and I felt something kind of dislodge from my nose. I could feel *something*. I wanted it out--whatever it was--but I didn't want to pick my nose in from of my cousins. So I ran around the front of the house and pulled this thing out of my nose. I started to throw it on the ground when I realized it was kind of shiny-looking. So I looked at it closer. It was kind of like a shiny cylinder. It wasn't very large, maybe a quarter-inch. And I just threw it on the ground and went back and played. At the time I remember thinking, 'Oh, boy, they're not going to find me now!' Why I thought that, I have no idea."

It didn't dawn on him until much later what had happened. Now he believes it was an implant that had been placed inside him during his abduction three years earlier. But at the time, for some reason, it didn't seem like a big deal.

It was 1969, and Taylor was now sixteen years old. Then came terrible news: his father had retired and he wanted to live in the country. His parents had decided to sell their home and move out of St. Louis. Tired of the bustling city-life, they had found a farm with more than 150 acres outside a small town in Missouri. It was exactly what they were looking for. They purchased the farmhouse and told Taylor to pack up his belongings. They were moving.

Taylor was not happy about it. His life was going really well and he didn't want to move. He was also worried that his UFO friends would no longer be able to find him. As he says, "I was kind of fearful. I couldn't help but wonder if this would end my UFO sightings."

Fortunately, Taylor's new residence had some advantages. With all the acreage, there were plenty of places to explore. Behind the house was a huge field. Beyond that, there was a large forested area. A creek wound through the forest and led to a hidden little pond. A small dirt road led across the field, through the forest and curved around to the pond. It was one of Taylor's favorite places to hang out.

It was only a few months after they moved in that Taylor experienced his second major UFO incident.

One summer afternoon he had a strong impulse to go hang out by the hidden pond in the forest behind the farm. As he walked along the road that led into the forest, he noticed two strange figures staring at him. He looked at them and thought, "Oh, it's just two deer," and continued walking towards the pond, and then later back home.

However, over the next few weeks, he started to remember a different story. Says Taylor, "This is kind of hard to explain, but at the time I thought I saw two deer. I stood there and watched them. They watched me. But it wasn't really two deer I was looking at; it was two grays. I looked around and there was a small craft to the left of

me, in the clearing. The two grays then led me to the UFO. The screen memory worked for a while, but I always knew that something more had occurred."

Taylor was unable to remember anything else. He was only able to remember what he did by meditating intensely on the incident. He wasn't frightened by what happened. In a way, he felt a special relationship with the UFO and the ETs. It certainly wasn't a negative encounter.

At age sixteen, Taylor was coming to realize that--for whatever reason--extraterrestrials were very interested in him.

His next encounter occurred exactly one year later, in the summer of 1970. Again, one afternoon he felt the impulse to go hang out by the pond. As he approached the curve in the road, he saw a white figure through the trees, hovering a few feet above the road. Says Taylor, "I thought it was a female; that was my impression. It was something very alien. I can't describe it really well. I think maybe it was a gray, but I don't know for sure. As I walked around the road, I could get a better look at it. It was something up in the air. It wore a white tunic or dress. It was hovering. It didn't have any legs or feet touching the ground. I remember walking up to it. I couldn't even tell you exactly what it looked like. I remember walking up to it and having a conversation. She conversed with me, but about what? I have no idea."

Immediately after the incident, Taylor walked away convinced that he just had a close-up encounter with an unusually large owl. Over the next twenty-four hours, however, the screen memory, which was already weak and tenuous, collapsed under the weight of the actual incident, which flooded forth into Taylor's mind, though not in complete detail.

Again, Taylor was surprised, but not afraid. He was more intrigued than fearful. He had already had three incredible encounters. He was beginning to wonder what might happen next. As it turned out, he didn't have to wait long.

It was a hot summer weekend in 1971, and the house was filled with Taylor's relatives. Taylor's older brother had come to visit with his wife and children.

It was Sunday afternoon and most of the kids were outside playing. Suddenly, somebody shouted out, "What's that?!"

Everybody came running outside. Hovering just over the trees at the far end of the 60-acre field behind the house was a silvery, metallic saucer-shaped object. Multi-colored lights moved in rhythm around its perimeter. Everybody looked at the object in awe. Taylor's nephews jumped up on the barbecue pit and picnic table to get a better look. His father didn't seem to be paying attention. Taylor and his mother stood on the back porch.

As the UFO hovered there, an idea suddenly popped into Taylor's head. He had a .22 rifle with a powerful scope mounted on it. He could use it to get a closer look at the object. Taylor ran back inside, grabbed the rifle and ran back outside. Says Taylor, "The UFO was still there. I brought the rifle up to my shoulder, looked through the

scope, and it was gone. I thought, maybe I just can't get it in my field of vision. So I pulled the rifle down. I looked again with my naked eye, and it was gone."

Taylor hoped the UFO people didn't think he was going to shoot at them: that wasn't his intention. Disappointed, he went back inside and returned the rifle. When he returned outside, he got the single most incredible shock of his life.

Says Taylor, "I went back outside and everyone was still standing in the same position as before. They all had their backs to me as if they were still watching the UFO, which I could see was gone. And I thought that was a little bit odd, but I didn't think too much about it. So I walked off the deck and started around the house. Then I realized that everybody was frozen, still staring at the same place as they were before. It was like time had stood still for them, but not for me. And when I got around to the end of the house, I could see my father. He was in mid-stride, carrying a bucket. I can't remember if the bucket had milk or water in it, but even the droplets were frozen in time as they splashed over the top of the bucket."

Taylor's eyes widened. At the time, it was almost impossible for him to comprehend what was happening. Why was everybody frozen? What had happened to his father? It couldn't be a practical joke. His father was just not the type. He felt a rising panic. Says Taylor, "I thought, well, this is really, really weird. This is really odd."

Then he got another bad shock. Looking up, he saw that the UFO had not left; instead it was now landed directly in the garden at the front edge of the field about fifty feet from the house. It was a dull metallic gray and all the lights were off. In front of the UFO, walking directly toward him, were three short figures which Taylor now recognizes as the stereotypical grays.

"They were approximately four feet tall," says Taylor, "large heads, black eyes, skinny bodies, long arms, skinny legs. I couldn't tell if they had any clothes on or not, certainly nothing shiny. It was just three grays walking towards me. And that's all I remember. The next thing I know, everybody just kind of woke up and started doing what they were doing. Nobody said a word about the UFO or anything."

When everybody suddenly became unfrozen, Taylor didn't know what to think. And when nobody mentioned the UFO, neither did he. In fact, three days passed before he pieced together what had happened. He approached his mother and said, "Do you remember seeing that UFO the other day?"

She looked at him with surprise. "Oh, yeah!" she replied. "I do remember that."

Unfortunately, that was all she remembered. While everybody remembered the UFO hovering over the tree-line at the far end of the field, nobody remembered that it landed or that three gray-type extraterrestrials exited the craft.

It was Taylor's fourth experience with missing time, at least that he was aware of. On this occasion, however, he had no recall whatsoever of what had happened during the missing hours. In fact, it took him a few days to actually piece together what he did remember. After each of the encounters, it was as if a blanket of amnesia covered

the events. In fact, he feels that there were probably other events that he is still unable to recall, even today.

He has no idea why he remembered seeing the grays when nobody else did. But it did reinforce in his mind the fact that he was the central focus or the reason behind the visitations. Again, for some reason, the ETs were very interested in him.

He wasn't exactly sure why, or what their agenda with him was. He did come away from his early encounters, however, with some unusual ideas. Says Taylor, "During this time, I felt a great calamity was going to befall the human race, and I felt that I was to somehow help lead the people to safety. This seemed crazy to me. Why would adults want to follow me? And besides, where was I to lead them? I didn't know."

As time went on, the UFOs continued to appear to him on a regular basis, as if to remind him that they were still around. Taylor graduated high school, and in 1972, he began his first year in college. One year into his studies, he had his next encounter. On this occasion, he had another witness.

He and another student discovered that they were neighbors, so they began to carpool. One morning at 6:45 AM, they were on their way to the campus when they saw a bright shooting-star like object. Suddenly, it did something no shooting star can do. Taylor explains: "While watching it in a steep downward trajectory, it suddenly stopped dead in its tracks. This would have been in the vicinity of the Mississippi river. After a few seconds, it shot upwards and out of sight. We were awed. That same afternoon on the way home from school we had the radio on, and the news reported a UFO early this morning over the Mississippi river. We knew it had to be what we had seen."

There they were again, his UFOs. Taylor had the distinct impression that whoever was inside the UFO was aware of him, and that again were reminding him of their relationship.

Around this time, he happened to see the film, *The UFO Incident*, which featured the UFO abduction of Betty and Barney Hill by gray-type ETs. He thought the movie was interesting, but he was a little surprised that it was kind of scary. His experiences, on the other hand, had not caused him any real fear. He thought to himself that his aliens must be a different species.

Taylor continued his college studies, eventually specializing in chiropractic medicine. While he had a few minor sightings over the next few years, they were mostly of distant lights. It wasn't until 1980--at age 27--that the UFOs made another dramatic appearance.

On this occasion, he was driving with his mother and eight-year-old niece to southern Arkansas, where they had relatives. It was about midnight. While the traffic wasn't busy, there were a few others cars on the highway. At first all three of them rode in the front bench seat, but then Taylor's niece climbed into the back seat so she could lie down.

Without warning, a bright light appeared ahead of their car, on the opposite side of the highway. Says Taylor, "I first thought it was a spot light on top of a small building just to the side of the road. I was driving eighty miles an hour, and yet I was not catching up to this light. It just stayed in the distance."

"Do you see that light?" Taylor's mom asked.

"Yes," Taylor replied.

"Why aren't we catching up to it?"

I don't know," Taylor said. His niece heard the conversation and sat up from the back seat to peer at the light. At this point, the light suddenly slowed down. Their car began to close the distance, and in a few minutes, they had caught up with the object, which continued to pace them.

The three witnesses looked over to their left. Now they could see that the one light was actually four lights. Says Taylor, "Directly across from the interstate, traveling just above the tree level, were four round lights--two on the bottom and two on the top. They moved as one unit."

The lights appeared to be at least twenty or thirty feet across. While they moved as one unit, he couldn't tell if they were connected or not. At this point, Taylor's niece became nervous and she climbed onto the front seat, sandwiching herself between Taylor and his mother. It was clear to all of them that they were being observed and followed.

Then Taylor got an idea. He told his mom, "I'm going to try something."

Says Taylor, "I dropped my speed down to forty. The UFO did the same. And then I'd go up to eighty, and it would go up to eighty. Then I'd back off and it would back off. It was going perfectly parallel to us. We traveled a little farther and it slowed down and dropped to ground level behind some trees. I thought, 'Well, that's the end of it.' When suddenly it was right back with us again. It did that two or three times, where it would just drop down behind the trees. It was so weird. This cat and mouse game went on until we reached the suburbs of Pine Bluff. It stopped, and of course, we went on."

Taylor's niece was now scared half-to-death. Taylor, however, was thrilled by the encounter. As he says, "My mom and I had seen a lot of UFOs by this time, but this was something totally new to us. To me this incident was the highlight of a close encounter of the first kind. I had witnesses and it appeared to be reacting directly with my vehicle's speed. It was very exciting for all of us."

The above sighting, while exciting, was still only a sighting. Around the same time as this sighting, Taylor had another encounter that was much more extreme.

Recently he had been wondering about how the UFO occupants were able to withstand the incredible gravitational forces that they must be subjected to while maneuvering their vehicles at right angles with instant accelerations to thousands of miles per hour and then stopping on a dime. Specifically, Taylor was wondering how humans would be able to survive such a thing.

It was some time in the middle of the night when he woke up to find himself surrounded by gray-type beings inside a UFO. Says Taylor, "There were three grays there. The inside of the vehicle was round. Everything was clean and put up very well. And there was a transparent plastic-looking chair. It looked like acrylic; you could almost see through it. And it was molded for a human form. There was a place to put your arms and legs. They telepathically instructed me to sit in the chair. I asked what the purpose of the chair was, as it was obviously for humans and not them. They told me this was how humans were able to travel with them to survive the G-forces that their craft produced.

"I sat in the chair and put my arms in the molded arm-rests. It was pretty comfortable. The next thing I know, from out of the ceiling came the other half of the chair--the front half. It fit right over the top of me and it fastened to the half I was sitting on, and latched. At this point, I was completely sealed and enclosed in this chair, but I could see out as the entire chair was a clear plastic-type substance. And I thought, *Okay, this is different.*

"Then I heard a swooshing sound, like water running, and I quickly realized that this enclosed chair I was in was filling up with warm fluid. I remember telling myself not to get excited, not to lose my composure. But then it began to fill up higher and higher, and I began to get kind of scared. I thought, 'What are they going to do, drown me in this thing?' No sooner had I thought this when they telepathically told me not to worry and to breathe, you're going to be okay. Just breathe, breathe.

"The lukewarm substance rose higher than my mouth and nose, and I began holding my breath. They kept telling me to breathe, that it would be okay. I thought, *What do you mean, breathe?* I held my breath like anybody would do. They're still telling me, just breathe, it's okay, just breathe. Finally, I had no choice but to breath. I took in a big gulp, and to my surprise, I found that I could still breathe."

Taylor allowed himself to relax slightly. Now he understood what the ETs were doing. They were showing him how they are able to transport humans aboard their craft. He speculated that he was breathing a form of oxygenated liquid.

His memory of the experience ended here. He only recalled seeing the one chair aboard the craft. He had no recall of either entering or leaving the craft. When he woke up the next morning, he instantly remembered the event. He wondered if it might have been a dream. It certainly seemed possible. The problem was, it was not at all like a normal dream. Normally, he didn't remember his dreams until he woke up. He remembered this event, however, as it was occurring. Also, the experience was very vivid and real, not at all like a dream. It *felt real.*

On the other hand, Taylor found it more comfortable to refer to the experience as a dream because it was easier to deal with psychologically. He was still having some trouble accepting the fact that he was being followed and even abducted by UFOs wherever he went.

Realizing that his experiences were unusual, he started to keep a journal. At the same time, life kept him very busy. He built a new home, and began to set up his own Chiropractic practice. He then sold his home and purchased another home near his parents.

He continued to see occasional distant UFOs. By this time, it was clear that the area where they lived was a definite UFO hotspot. They certainly were not the only people who were seeing the UFOs. Most of these craft, however, did not respond or interact with them. Still, some of the sightings were dramatic enough to cause Taylor some concern.

One afternoon in 1986, Taylor was in his bedroom changing his clothes when he heard the sound of a jet roaring directly over his home. He dashed to the window and looked out. Says Taylor, "To my surprise, I saw a jet fighter in the sky, and some distance in front of him, the sun glinted off a silvery object that was the classical flying saucer shape. The object then accelerated and left the jet in its dust."

The year of 1986 also brought a new phenomenon: waves of unmarked black helicopters. The town where they lived was very rural. It was at least fifty miles away from any military bases and had very little conventional air traffic. It was very unusual to see a helicopter traveling only a few hundred feet above the ground. There was no reason for anyone, especially military, to be in the area. And yet, on numerous occasions, Taylor observed unmarked black helicopters, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of up to four, crossing over the area. He's not sure, however, if it has anything to do with his own UFO situation.

Meanwhile, more scattered sightings occurred. Taylor's next really spectacular sighting occurred in 1993. He had gone out to eat with a girlfriend. They had ordered sandwiches at a local fast-food joint, and were sitting in the back parking-lot eating their food, admiring the panoramic view of the valley spread out below them. The valley was a very rural area, with mostly trees and fields and a few scattered homes. It was dusk, and only a few of the structures had turned on their lights.

Suddenly they both noticed a round formation of multi-colored lights sitting alone on the valley floor. They first thought it was another building or structure, except that it looked so strange. First, it was perfectly round, and larger than most of the structures around. Second, it had different colored lights around the entire circumference. Says Taylor, "We began discussing this when suddenly it began to rise straight up from the ground. It did this very slowly, until it was about 300 to 500 feet above the ground. Then it slowly glided away from us until it was finally out of sight."

Taylor and his friend looked at each other in awe. It was yet another UFO. After the above sighting, Taylor began seeing UFOs regularly. Rarely would more than a month or two go by without some type of encounter.

Taylor's UFO journal now numbers more than 200 pages. Most of these sightings have few new details and are actually somewhat ordinary. While Taylor's

sightings have been frequent and regular, only a handful of these have been close-up or interactive encounters.

One such incident in 1994. One evening at about dusk, Taylor went to the local post-office to drop off some letters. “I was pulling up the mailbox and I noticed this really, really intensely bright light in the sky. It was so bright; there was so much power coming off of it, it was hard to look at. You know how a snow-cone has a point on the bottom, with the ice being the ball on top. Well this had a point of energy coming off the top and the bottom. And then all of a sudden, the whole thing was just gone.”

In 1995, Taylor met the woman who would later become his wife. At the time they were dating, he asked her if she believed in UFOs. Karen (pseudonym) replied, “No, I don’t really believe in them.”

“Well, have you ever seen one?”

“No.”

“Well, you know,” Taylor told her, “if I had never seen one, I wouldn’t believe in them either. But if we’re going to be together, you will be seeing them.”

Karen narrowed her eyes and replied hesitatingly, “Okay...”

She didn’t know what to think of her new boyfriend’s announcement. She hadn’t really thought much about UFOs, but she had no problems if Taylor believed in them. As far as herself, she would have to wait and see.

As Taylor predicted, she didn’t have to wait long. One evening, Taylor took her outside his home and pointed out the UFOs. Karen was stunned to see that Taylor was right.

Some sightings occurred during the day, involving rectangular or triangular-shaped objects that would appear high overhead and dart quickly away. More often, however, the sightings involved anomalous star-like lights, usually at night. On many occasions, the objects would approach closely, hovering at tree top level. On these occasions, the craft-shape was obvious, and Taylor and Karen often observed rings of blinking colored lights around the ships. On some instances, the objects would change into different shapes. Other times, a single object would divide and multiply into two or more objects. Says Karen, “I’ve seen things like that. I’ve seen balls of light where it looked like there was one, then two, then three, then four, then five...and then it would just disappear.”

Within a few years of meeting him, Taylor had already shown her dozens of the strange objects that did not behave like any known conventional aircraft. She had no choice but to be convinced. For whatever reason, her soon-to-be husband was being followed by UFOs. Says Karen, “I tell people, if you want to see something, just hang around Taylor. I mean, we have friends who didn’t believe, and when they got to know Taylor they had some pretty good sightings. He’s very in tune with them.”

Meanwhile, the UFO sightings continued fast and furious. Throughout the spring of 1996, they were seeing UFOs on a nearly nightly basis. One night during this time, Taylor stepped out to look at the objects. On this occasion, there were several objects,

which wasn't that unusual. What was interesting, however, was one of the objects was very close. Taylor showed it to Karen. She replied, "Why don't we get in the car and see how close we can get to it."

"Sure, let's do it!" Taylor said.

Taylor and Karen piled into the car and took off towards the object. Almost immediately, it changed direction and started to drift lazily towards town. Taylor and Karen quickly closed the distance until they approached within a few hundred yards of the object. Says Taylor, "It was all lit up. It was kind of the shape of a football, but it was all lit up and you really couldn't make out any details because the light was so bright."

The object picked up speed and headed directly towards town. As they entered into the city limits, both Taylor and Karen lost sight of the object. As they lived in a small town with a population of about 5000, they decided to continue through town to the other side. When they got to the north edge of town, they parked the car, got out and looked around to see if the UFO was still around.

As if on cue, the object appeared, heading directly towards them! Says Taylor, "It came from right over treetop level, only about thirty feet high. And we were probably 150 feet away from it. It was doing maybe two miles an hour, just barely moving, and no sound. Again, it was the shape of a football. It was all lit up. In fact, when we were that close, I was really looking hard at it, trying to see some kind of details through the light. And I just couldn't come up with any details on it."

As the object was moving slowly, they ran back into the car and followed it. As if playing cat and mouse, the UFO now veered west, leading them down a remote gravel road. After another half hour of this, Taylor realized that the UFO was giving them a wild goose chase. Says Karen, "It seemed like the more we got close to it, the further it went."

Taylor turned to his wife and said, "Enough's enough. It's getting late. We've got to get home. We've got to work tomorrow. And this thing will lead us anywhere!"

Karen agreed. The direction they were heading was becoming increasingly rural and remote. They stopped at the next driveway to turn around. As soon as they stopped, so did the object. They got out of the car and looked at it with binoculars. Through the binoculars, they could still only see the single glowing, white football shape.

As the UFO wasn't doing anything, they got back in the car and returned back towards town. Karen, however, kept her eye on the object. A few seconds later, she shouted out, "It's following us."

Taylor looked, and sure enough, it was pacing their vehicle off to the side. As they drove into town, they were shocked to see the object fearlessly follow them. It scooted right over the local Wall Mart and then, when they were stopped at a signal light, the object hovered directly over the nearby gas station.

As they drove out of town, the UFO continued to follow them home. Karen became very excited, and kept peering out of the various car windows to keep the

object in sight. When they finally got home, the object pulled back and darted quickly away.

However, it wasn't until 1997 that Karen had her first major close-up encounter. They had spent the day in St. Louis and were starting the nearly three-hour drive home. It was dusk as they began to leave the city. Suddenly Karen spotted a round, bright, orange-yellow light hovering at about tree-level off in the distance. She pointed it out to Taylor. He just shrugged.

It took them about a half hour to reach the main interstate. The object paced their car off in the distance the entire way. When they reached the interstate, it was now dark. At this point, the object rose higher up. For the next hour, the object continued to follow their car. There were many other cars moving up and down the highway, but nobody else seemed to notice or react to the strange light.

Convinced that it was unusual, Karen kept her eyes glued to the object. As she says, "It was at treetop level. To me it seemed like it was pretty big. And it was bright. And it just kind of followed us. I kept watching it. I wouldn't take my eyes off of it, because I wanted to make sure what I was seeing, was really what I was seeing."

Suddenly, she saw something amazing. She turned to Taylor and said, "You know what? I see six little lights up there in the sky, besides the big one!"

Without thinking, Taylor replied, "Well, keep your eye on them. Maybe they'll go into the big one."

About ten seconds later, each of the tiny little objects converged and disappeared into the big one.

The object continued to follow them for the next hour. Finally, they came upon their exit. At the exact moment that they drove on their exit-ramp, the object rose up with the level of the ramp and darted away. Says Taylor, "It just shot tremendously fast--just boom, and gone with lightning speed. It left and we never saw it again. It was just gone. But it followed us from St. Louis."

On the evening of February 22, 2004, Taylor had one of his strangest sightings to date. Taylor had just returned home from work and was finishing dinner. His neighbor who lives a half-mile down the road called up Taylor. Knowing of his interest in UFOs, his neighbor said, "You need to come up here right now, and see what we're looking at."

"What is it?" Taylor asked.

"I don't know," his neighbor said. "It's really weird."

Taylor hopped in his car and drove over. When he arrived, his neighbors were outside looking at a bright object that hovered low in the sky, just over the southern section of town. It was an orange-red, spherical-shaped object, with an apparent brightness several times that of the brightest star. As they watched, the center of the object began to swirl and become transparent. At the same time, another bright star-like object appeared directly above it. Now the orange-red light became a perfect ring of

light, reminding Taylor of some kind of wormhole. After a few minutes, the star-like object disappeared, and the orange ring dissolved.

His neighbor was astonished. She had never seen a UFO until she met Taylor. Now, she had seen several, and the sightings were getting stranger. On another later occasion, Taylor was again followed home by one of the objects. Even after he arrived home, the object remained hovering nearby. He decided to call his neighbor, as she had asked him to let her know if any UFOs were heading her way. Taylor's neighbor said, "You've got a flashlight. Why don't you go out there and flash your flashlight at it a few times and see if it does anything?"

Taylor agreed. He took his flashlight, went outside, aimed it at the UFO and turned it on. The flashlight turned on for only a second before the batteries suddenly died.

Taylor told his neighbor what happened. She said, "Well, it followed you all the way home. Why don't you get in your car and drive over here to my house and see if it follows you here?"

Taylor liked the idea. He got his wife and they drove over to their neighbor's home. To their delight, the UFO followed. When they arrived at their neighbor's, she was outside and could also see the UFO.

By 2004, Karen had seen UFOs dozens of times. However, she had never had any encounters with the ETs themselves. Nor had they shown any interest in her. Then one evening, Taylor woke up to find a gray in his bedroom. To his concern, it was only interested in his wife. Says Taylor, "I woke up and there was a gray standing on the side of the bed next to my wife. I looked at it, and it was a gray color. My first thought was, *Am I looking at a ghost?* Then it dawned on me, 'That's a gray!' It had a big head. Telepathically it told me I was dreaming and to go back to sleep as nothing harmful would come to her. It said to me, 'Lie back down and go to sleep. Everything is okay.' And like a good subject, I thought, 'Yeah, okay, she'll be okay.' So I lay back down. Then I thought, 'Wait a minute? I've got to look at this!' I rose back up, and the gray was still there, but he was leaning over my wife. All I could see was the top of its round, bald head. And I remember thinking, 'Okay, everything is all right.' And I went back to sleep."

Taylor told his wife the next morning. She was a little upset, and told Taylor that next time, he should at least tell the gray to leave her alone.

This may have been good advice. Shortly later, Karen had a nighttime experience that made her realize that she, like her husband, was now also deeply involved with UFOs.

Karen woke up and was surprised to find that her pajama bottoms and underwear had been removed. She had gone to sleep wearing them as she always does. Never before had this happened. Says Karen, "It was weird. I thought it was kind of strange. Because I'm fifty-two years old, and I always went to bed with my pajamas on."

After Taylor woke up, she shared her story and said, "You know, it's the weirdest thing. This is not normal."

Taylor kind of shrugged. "I didn't know what to say," says Taylor. "I didn't really associate it with anything at that moment. I just thought, I don't know."

Later that day, Karen noticed a strange mark on her abdomen. It was a nickel-sized bruise with a puncture in the center of it. It wasn't painful, but it certainly looked unusual. That evening, she told Taylor about the mark, and asked him what he thought.

Taylor looked at the bruise. It slowly dawned on him what it meant. "I just wasn't really putting all of this together. I guess I should have, but I just wasn't. And when I looked at it, then I really got upset and shook up, because it was right over her left ovary. I was really upset because she had never had any encounters until she met me. I felt like her association with me was bringing this on. But what do you do?"

Taylor felt a strong wave of guilt sweep over him. Karen was obviously also upset. But there was little he could do but comfort her as best as possible. After about two weeks, the mark on her abdomen healed. However, Karen did experience one other strange symptom. "I remember when my 'monthly' came, I bled and bled and bled. A lot. I've always been regular, and I've never had any problems. I thought that was kind of strange."

A few months later, in August 2004, Karen woke up to find a nickel-sized bruise on her right breast. She had no idea how the bruise got there, nor did Taylor remember anything. They both attribute the bruise to the obvious cause: the ETs.

By this time, Taylor had read a few books about UFOs and alien abductions. Much of what he read about sounded familiar. With such a strong connection to the ETs, Taylor decided to try an experiment. While in meditation, he sent out a telepathic message to the ETs, and asked them how they were able to walk through solid walls.

A few days later, Taylor woke up one evening to find three grays in his bedroom. They proceeded to give him a demonstration of how they moved through walls. Says Taylor, "I was on my side looking at the outside wall, which was about five feet from me. I woke up just in time to see the wall dissolve. And I could see *through* the wall. I could see trees and stars through the hole. It was like there was just no wall there. Where there was wall, there was nothing. Then you move over a little bit, and there was a foggy-looking stuff, and then you could see wall. I was thinking, 'This is really weird, because there's supposed to be a dresser there, and where is the dresser?' That's what I was thinking. And about that time, in walks three grays. They just walked or floated right into the room, marching in single file. They walked down to the end of the bed, lined up in a row at the end of the bed, and that's all I remember."

A few days later, the ETs gave another even more impressive demonstration. Says Taylor, "I awoke in the middle of the night. I was on my back so I was looking straight up when the ceiling began to dissolve. Again, I could see stars and the night sky. Then what I thought was a star from very high up dropped down to my rooftop level. As it descended, I could make out the shape of the craft. In the middle of the bottom of the

craft was a large, blue light. The blue light began to descend from the craft through the hole in the ceiling onto me and my bed. This is all I remember."

One year later, on September 1, 2005 Taylor had yet another major close encounter. For the last several years, he had suffered with a small growth on his left cheek. He didn't notice when it first appeared; one day it was just suddenly there. It didn't cause him any pain or discomfort, nor did it seem to change. Therefore, he just left it alone.

Then one evening, while getting ready for bed, Taylor was shaving his neck with a razor when he cut himself. It was a small cut, but it took him awhile to stop the bleeding. He finally had to dab a piece of tissue on it. He returned to the bedroom to find his wife laying on the bed waiting for him. She saw the Kleenex on his neck. Taylor explained that he had nicked himself. Karen laughed and said, "You know, what you really need to do is have something done about your face," and she pointed to the cyst on his left cheek.

She was just joking, and so was Taylor when he said, "Yeah, well, it's probably just an alien implant."

The two laughed again, and then went to bed. At the time, they had no idea that this innocent statement would send shockwaves to distant places.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Taylor woke up to find himself, lying on a table in a strange rounded room next to a now-familiar gray-type ET. Says Taylor, "I just remember finding myself on an examination table, with a gray standing over me. I could only see the gray from the waist up. And he was scolding me like a child. He was telling me, 'This is ridiculous! I'm going to have to take that implant out! You've gone through *far* too many of these.'"

Taylor looked at the gray with surprise. He asked, 'You mean, that really was an implant?"

"Yes," the gray telepathically replied.

"You know, I was only joking," Taylor told the gray.

The gray replied, "Yes, but you put the idea in your head and eventually you would have acted on it, like you have done before."

What is he talking about? Taylor wondered. *Before?* It wasn't until later that he remembered the object that he had fished out of his nose as a kid.

At this point, the gray alien continued to perform some type of operation on the cyst. Taylor told the alien, "You don't have to take that out. It was a joke."

"No," the alien replied. "We have no choice now. When we put the next one in, you'll never find it."

Taylor doesn't remember much else. Again he felt no fear. He woke thirty minutes earlier than normal, and instantly remembered the experience, thinking, *could it have been a dream?* "So the first thing I did was put my hand up to my cheek," says Taylor, "and there was no lump. It was just gone. And I thought, maybe I'm on the wrong

side. I checked the other side and it wasn't there. And I thought, well, this is really weird."

Taylor jumped up and ran to the kitchen to find Karen. He pointed to his face where the cyst had been. "Is this gone, or is this my imagination, or what!?"

She peered closer. "No, it's gone!" she said with astonishment.

Says Taylor, "I looked it over real good. There were no cut marks, nothing to show how they removed it. However, about three days later, it was like the skin over it just disintegrated. It just rotted away. It was strange."

Also around this time, Taylor and Karen noticed strange poltergeist-like activity in their home. On several occasions, they both heard somebody calling their names. They've also heard other strange noises, such as phantom footsteps going up and down the stairs, or sudden loud banging noises. On one occasion, they heard a strange swishing sound coming from the living room. When they ran to the room, they saw that the doily which normally sits under the tea-cups on the end-table had been mysteriously moved onto the floor *without* disturbing the tea-cups. They replaced the doily and continued watching television in another room. Five minutes later, they heard the same sound. They rushed again into the living room and again the doily was on the floor. It was the same as before except for one major difference. This time the entire room was engulfed by a powerful "rotten egg" smell. Karen replaced the doily again then went to bed. Taylor stayed awake a little longer. Eventually the smell faded and he went to bed.

A few months later, Karen's brother came to visit, and the subject of the strange activity came up. Karen's brother wanted to hold a séance to see if there truly was an invisible presence in the house. Taylor, however, did not want to aggravate what might already be a volatile situation. As they argued about the issue, suddenly the kitchen door opened and slammed shut. Says Taylor, "We ran into the kitchen to check the door to see if maybe somebody had come in, or somebody was here, but they weren't. So I said to her brother, 'Well, I think you got your answer. You wanted to know if something is here. Well, obviously something's here.'"

That ended all discussion of any séance, though it wasn't long before more weird events occurred. On two occasions, Taylor saw what looked like the apparition of a dog in the hallway. On another occasion, their son and his wife had come to visit. They planned to sleep in the basement, but shortly after they were down there, she claimed to have seen "a shadow of a person" who promptly disappeared. She refused to sleep in the basement and was instead given an upstairs room. However, in the middle of the night Taylor woke up to hear strange commotion in the adjacent room where they slept. In the morning he found out that the wife had woken up in the middle of the night to find "little lights" beneath the covers. She leaped out of bed and woke her husband. He woke up and also saw the lights, which promptly disappeared.

Another recent sighting occurred in late 2006. Taylor was driving home when he came upon a pickup truck stopped in the middle of the road. The two people inside were staring up at a bright, lighted object that was maneuvering in tight circles

overhead. They drove away as Taylor approached, while he got out of his car and watched the object until it suddenly zipped away.

More sightings of red, green, and blue lights occurred in 2006.

The sightings no longer surprise Taylor. As he says, "I saw one the other day off the interstate. It was hovering over the creek, and I never even thought of stopping, as crazy as that sounds. It had a double row of windows, one on top of the other. It was shaped like a top. My wife and I drove right by it. We slowed down, we looked at it, and kept on going."

Taylor still does not know why he has so many encounters. He does admit that the area where they live has a lot of mines, and that perhaps that might be a factor. He has talked to many of the local residents who have also reported seeing UFOs.

While it is clear that Taylor's area is a hotbed, this is definitely not the explanation for Taylor's high number of encounters. For example, often when he and Karen travel out-of-state, they still have numerous sightings. Recently, he visited California and sighted an unusual object with multi-colored lights hovering in place. As they drove closer to it, it suddenly winked out, as if turning off its lights. On another occasion, they were driving along the 5 Freeway in Southern California. As they passed the Nuclear Power Station north of Camp Pendleton, Karen spotted a "silver flying saucer-shaped craft" hovering directly above the power plant. She pointed it out to Taylor and their other passengers. They all saw it glinting in the afternoon sunlight. Unfortunately, as they were on the freeway, they were unable to stop.

Why does Taylor have so many UFO encounters? This, of course, is the million-dollar question that has been on Taylor's mind ever since his ordeal began. One possible reason for his encounters, Taylor speculates, is the family connection. Both his parents have had multiple sightings, some of these prior to Taylor being born. Both his parents have always believed very strongly in the existence of UFOs. On the other hand, neither of them reported any kind of face-to-face extraterrestrial encounters like Taylor's.

Then again, Taylor has kept his close encounter stories secret from pretty much everyone except his wife. His family and friends know that Taylor has seen many, many UFOs, but little else.

One day, Taylor went to visit one of his second cousins. To his shock, her home was plastered with countless stickers and other representations of numerous gray-type ETs. He didn't feel comfortable asking her about them, but it made him wonder, could she be having experiences too? Obviously, she was interested.

There are other strange connections that Taylor still doesn't fully understand. He admits to having a several unusual medical abnormalities, and wonders if there might be some type of relationship there with the UFOs. For example, he has problems with his eyes, including dry-eye syndrome and another much more rare condition. As a child, all his baby teeth had roots like adult teeth. His hearing is ultra-sensitive, making loud noises almost unbearable. Also during one visit to the physician, his surprised doctor

told Taylor that his spine contained an extra lumbar vertebra! It seemed that every time he went for a physical examination, the doctors would find another peculiarity about his physiology.

Meanwhile, Taylor and his wife continue to have UFO sightings on literally a daily basis. One such sighting occurred in October 2006. It was 8:45 in the evening when Taylor noticed the familiar UFO lights. Says Taylor, "I went out the front door the other night, and there was one kind of behind the trees to the southeast of us. And it was just stationary in the sky, and it was pulsating white, green, blue and red lights. This is what we see a lot. We see a lot of those particular things."

While Taylor enjoys seeing UFOs, he likes it even better when he has witnesses, which usually means his wife. Taylor called out, "Hey Karen, there's one out front. You want to come look at it?"

"Well, I'm reading the paper right now," she replied. "I'll be out there in a minute."

Taylor returned in the house and did a few chores. Fifteen minutes later, they went outside. Says Taylor, "It was still there, but it had changed locations. So we looked at it for maybe a minute or so, and went back in the house. We checked again at about 10:00 o'clock and it was gone."

Chapter Three: Flying Saucer Sickness

William Trimble (pseudonym) was not the worst paperboy in town, though, as he says, some of his customers may have disagreed. He did pretty well, but his heart was just not in it. It was a lot more work than most people realized. First of all, he had to get up at 4:00 AM each Sunday, which for a twelve-year-old wasn't easy. More often than not, his mother had to wake him up or he would have continued sleeping. Also, it took an enormous amount of physical effort just to carry the heavy newspapers and distribute them to the subscribers. Then, of course, there was the tedious bookkeeping. What was supposed to be a fun and rewarding experience had become something of a trial. William would sometimes rather just hike down to the nearby creek and read a book. More than once he became absorbed in an adventure story and completely forgot to do his afternoon route. His boss was then forced to deliver the newspapers himself and the next day, William would receive a thorough verbal disciplining.

But he was a good kid and so he continued to do his job. In fact, he prided himself on being able to throw the newspapers with near-perfect aim, landing them squarely on people's doorsteps. Still, it was a difficult job and he was sort of hoping for a way out.

The year was 1950, and the subject of UFOs was still relatively new. At the time, William lived in a small isolated town in eastern Texas. He had two older sisters. He was in the seventh grade, and except for his paper route, he was pretty content.

One cold Sunday morning, his mom woke him up and told him it was time to get up and begin his route. He dragged himself out of bed, got dressed and loaded up two large sacks with newspapers. He secured one sack on the back fender and the other on the front handlebars.

He then pulled out of his driveway and began his route. It was still pitch dark outside, and as usual, the streets were completely deserted. He made the first two "throws" and then turned to peddle to the next house, which was up a steep hill. To get up the hill, William knew he had to have a running start. So he threw his head back, stood up on his pedals and began the climb. He was determined to make it at least to the streetlight.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to "a brilliant light" that was moving at a low altitude directly overhead. He gasped with amazement and nearly fell off his bike. Instead he jumped off, and still holding onto the handle bars, he gazed at the light. It was dazzlingly bright and appeared to be fairly low in the sky, definitely lower than a normal airplane.

By coincidence, William had already developed an interest in aircraft, and he knew instantly that this was not a normal plane. There were no red and green wing lights. There was no shape at all to the object--just one giant, bright white light. "It was directly overhead," says William "and so hugely brilliant that it had to be quite low, yet

it was utterly silent. I knew enough that if I couldn't hear it, it was very high. But it couldn't be low and high at the same time! I watched transfixed and fearful as the strangely brilliant, silent white light moved slowly to the north, illuminating something like its own contrail against the black sky."

William noticed something else strange. Most planes leave contrails that are relatively smooth. This contrail, however, was ragged, with the diameter varying from thick to thin in regular pulses. The contrail was brightly illuminated by the object itself. The light was so bright, it almost appeared to be sending a beam directly down upon him.

In a matter of seconds, it scooted across the sky towards the north. Says William, "I don't remember feeling anything. I just stood there sort of mesmerized and just watched it. And it flew north, slowly, all the way to the horizon.

"Suddenly," William continues, "I became aware of a stark impossibility. I was standing, holding my bicycle and gazing north, but now, seemingly only one second later, it was broad daylight! Suddenly it was broad daylight. It was almost like when it got to the horizon, daylight switched on."

William stood there trembling in fear. *How could it be daylight?* It was a complete mystery. He hadn't fallen off his bike. He realized that he had no idea what had happened to him, and the idea scared him badly. At the same time, he knew he was going to be in worse trouble if he didn't get the Sunday papers delivered immediately.

He hopped back on his bike and began throwing papers as fast as he could. Several customers were already waiting on their doorsteps, with folded arms and angry frowns. He quickly finished his route and rushed back home.

His mom was waiting for him in the living room. "Where on God's green earth have you been?" she asked. "People have called here for their Sunday papers!"

William didn't know what to say. He was not about to tell her that he was watching a bright light in the sky when suddenly the time seemed disappear. Says William, "I didn't have any explanation actually. I really couldn't answer coherently at all. I suppose part of it is because it is so starkly impossible for that to happen. How could you possibly use that as an excuse? 'Sorry, mom. It suddenly went from dark to light in an instant.'"

Instead, he just shrugged, mumbled an excuse and returned to bed to sleep for another couple of hours.

When he woke up, he avoided his mother and father. He still didn't know what had happened to him and didn't want to talk to anyone about it. At the time, he didn't know about UFOs, so he had no theories as to what the light might have been. Says William, "I just thought it was something I could not identify, something that could have a huge light beaming straight down, and also straight back...and yet was silent."

He remained shocked and dazed for the rest of the day. The next day he went to school. That afternoon he had another stack of newspapers waiting to be delivered. Feeling a little tired, he loaded them onto his bike and began the route.

As he began his throws, he noticed an alarming development. Normally he was very accurate with his throws. Now, however, he was disappointed to discover that he kept missing the targets. It's not that his aim was off. He was just too weak to heave them the necessary distance. He compensated by slowing down, turning into driveways and maneuvering closely as possibly to the front porches.

However, even all these methods didn't work and he fell quickly behind schedule. Each throw became increasingly difficult and by the time he was four blocks from home, William could feel that he was near the end of his strength. He got off his bike and walked the rest of the way.

When he finally got home, he crawled directly into bed, totally exhausted. His parents were shocked by the state of their son. Normally, he would spend the afternoon actively playing, reading or doing chores. If he was crawling into bed, something was terribly wrong. When his weakness worsened over the next few days, they rushed him off to the local hospital.

William continued to keep his encounter a secret. The doctors ran a number of tests. William tested negative for every ailment that seemed to fit his symptoms. Three days in the hospital yielded no solid conclusions. The doctors finally theorized that it might be some kind of blood disorder related to anemia, though it was clearly not anemia. They prescribed a rich vitamin cocktail to be taken twice a day, and sent him home.

Meanwhile, William had to give up his job as paperboy. That, at least, was good news. However, he was about to learn that his encounter with the UFO would soon affect his life in several other ways, none of them very good.

Each morning his mother would drive him to school, and at the end of the day, he would walk the one-mile distance back home. Normally this was no problem. However, now William suddenly found that he was so weak he had to stop and rest every few blocks.

William also found that he was unable to participate in any normal physical activities. He was excused from PE class and had to sit on the benches while all his friends and classmates played.

The worst part was being excluded from his peer group. While all the other boys rough-housed and wrestled, William isolated himself from the others. He was totally unable to defend himself. His social skills began to suffer, and he found it easier to just be alone and read.

His friends were mystified, and William offered no explanation. Secretly, however, he knew that it was that weird light he had encountered which was responsible for his condition.

The next year was sheer torture. William had to completely readjust his life to accommodate his mysterious ailment. He spent much of his free time in his bedroom, reading. His father had subscribed to *Life Magazine* and *Reader's Digest* for years, and he had huge stacks of these and other science magazines stacked around the house.

William soon devoured all of these and then moved on to science fiction and mainstream science books. Reading proved to be a great outlet for his frustrations.

As the months progressed, William's strength slowly returned. By the end of one year, he was physically back to normal. Mentally, however, he was forever changed.

His mind kept on returning to that one morning when a bright light came out of the sky and did *something* to him. But what was it? William still had no idea what had happened. He didn't even have a theory.

Then one day he was reading a science magazine. He was shocked to read that scientists had made plans to design an atomic-powered aircraft. *That's it!*, he thought. That's what happened to him! It must have been some experimental atomic aircraft that flew over him and gave him some kind of radiation poisoning. He had read about the effects of radiation on the Japanese people in Nagasaki and Hiroshima. While he didn't have all the symptoms, his overall weakness seemed to fit the pattern.

He clung to the atomic plane theory for several months. However, as he continued his reading, he came upon another intriguing subject: Unidentified Flying Objects.

The articles he read treated the subject pretty skeptically, and William was somewhat skeptical of the subject himself. However, more articles soon appeared. And as William objectively re-analyzed his own encounter, it became clear that the best explanation for his own experience was a UFO.

William's mind raced. Had he been irradiated by a UFO, a spaceship from another world? He wasn't quite ready to accept the UFO theory, however, his faith in the atomic plane theory was severely shaken. Clearly, the object was not a plane. And if it wasn't a plane, then what was it?

William began to read more about UFOs. At the time, there wasn't much published on the subject. But as the years passed, books and magazines about UFO abductions and missing time appeared. As William studied the accounts, he wondered, *is this what happened to me?*

Life went on. William went to college, he became a teacher and later a college professor. He married and had children. He only mentioned his encounter once to a high school friend who had first divulged his own similar experience. The friend, however, was skeptical and told William that he probably just fainted.

William continued to read UFO books from time to time. He finally told his wife, who was supportive and understanding, though also perplexed. She told him, "Why don't you get some help and get this out of your mind."

William looked at her. Why not? he thought. In fact, it seemed like a great idea. He stewed it over for a few weeks, and then finally located a hypnotist/therapist and got an appointment.

The therapist was educated about UFO abductions, and asked William if he had read anything about UFOs. William nodded. He had read several books already.

The therapist explained that because of his prior reading, there was a possibility that whatever William recalled could be "contaminated" by his preconceptions and expectations. He feared that William might use the details he had gained from reading about UFOs, and his imagination would concoct a fictional but believable explanation for the missing time segment. He told William, "Let's just recognize then that your recall is going to be contaminated by all this stuff you've been reading."

William agreed. The therapist said, "Let's find out today if you are susceptible to hypnosis."

William agreed. He sat down while the therapist began the induction process. In a matter of moments, he was in a deep trance. The therapist brought him out and explained that William was, in fact, in a good subject. He said, "We can do it right now if you want. We've got a whole hour. We can probably get it out of you."

"That's fine with me," William replied. He lay back and the therapist began. William felt his whole body relax as he was taken back to that cold Sunday morning in 1950.

He vividly saw himself pedaling up the hill, his bike laden with newspapers. Suddenly, the brilliant white light was above him. He jumped off his bike and stared at the light. It quickly moved towards the horizon and disappeared, just as he had consciously recalled. Up to this point, everything was exactly as he had remembered it.

However, now, instead of the light disappearing, it reappeared and came zooming at high speed directly towards William. As he says, "It just immediately flew back and basically just parked in the sky right above me. And I found myself moving up. Then I found myself *inside* it, lying on a cold steel table."

William was instantly overwhelmed with terror and confusion. He was totally paralyzed and unable to speak. He was also having a lot of trouble maintaining awareness and kept passing in and out of consciousness. His intense fear and disorientation made careful observation very difficult.

Several things were immediately apparent. The room had small rounded walls and was extremely bright. The light was strangely foggy and made seeing clearly difficult. William realized he was on a table and was being undressed and examined by several weird-looking figures. Despite all his reading, the figures were not the typical grays. There was one tall being who was in charge, with several other shorter beings who seemed to be worker-types.

Says William, "I did not get one of these grays. I got a taller one. Since I'm lying down on a table, I don't know how tall, but this yellow being is leaning over me. He's got real big eyes. He had sort of yellow skin...he didn't have anything on. It's not clear to me what he looked like. I could see two big eyes, and I could see his face. He didn't seem to have any expression. He didn't smile. I guess he didn't have a big enough mouth. He was absolutely hairless. He had a large head. Actually I was more impressed--at least in this memory--of how narrow and little his neck was. It just didn't look right. It looked like it would break off."

Although William was unable to turn his head, he caught occasional glimpses of several other figures in the room. These beings appeared to have a greenish hue to their skin. They appeared to be dressed in uniforms, with pants and a shirt. They were also hairless, with large heads and large dark eyes.

As he sat in the therapist's chair reliving the experience, William found himself intensely frightened. What he was recalling was definitely not pleasant. In fact, he could feel the terror rolling through him as he lay on the table, struggling to maintain consciousness.

He passed out for a second and woke up to find himself being floated out of the room, down the hallway and into another room. The smaller greenish-skinned beings followed closely behind, but without actually physically touching him.

He lost awareness for another moment and next found himself standing on the street next to his bike with the ETs standing next to him. Says William, "These little guys just put me out there, standing up next to my bike and holding it up. I am in the same position, more or less, that I had been."

The next thing he knows, the ETs are gone, the UFO zips away and it is now daylight.

The therapist brought him out of trance and gave him a few moments to recover. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

William shrugged. "Not really." He explained that the story seemed "too easy." He wondered if the entire experience was a simple amalgam of all the accounts that he had read. He paid the therapist for the hour.

The therapist nodded and said, "Yeah, well, since you've done all that reading..."

William returned home, disappointed. Even today, he remains ambiguous about his hypnotically recalled memories. It just seems too cut-and-dry, too unoriginal. However, he does admit that his emotional reaction to the experience felt genuine. He compared it to being a victim of assault.

Nor was he able to explain the missing time or the ensuing mysterious ailment. In his mind, the entire mystery remains unsolved. He may have been abducted and examined by almond-eyed, hairless, large-headed creatures, or there may be another explanation entirely.

After realizing that he fit the profile of a UFO abductee, William examined his entire life for clues that might explain his predicament. A few incidents immediately stood out. Both occurred prior to his 1950 experience.

One clue was a series of odd dreams that he had at around age three or four. Says William, "I would dream that I would be looking up in the sky. It would be daylight, and I would see this huge number of airplanes fly over. They were always twin-engine or four-engine airplanes, bombers I would call them. And then one would fly down and I would catch it in my arms. Or I would dream that I was really yearning to see that airplane and I would fly up under it to take a look."

William doesn't know what prompted these dreams, but for some reason, he connects them to his UFO experience. The dreams sparked a lifelong interest in aircraft, so by the time he actually did see a UFO, he was already fairly educated about conventional aircraft.

Another even stranger incident occurred during the same time period as these dreams. The incident was well-remembered by other family members and had always been a family mystery.

It all began one summer evening when William was sent to bed in his upstairs bedroom. His two older sisters stayed awake downstairs. William lay awake in his bedroom. The bedroom window was opened to let in the cool night air.

Suddenly, William noticed somebody standing on the ledge outside his second-story window staring at him through the screen. Says William, "There was a funny little man with a bald head looking in my window. To me he was just a little man. He was completely bald. All I could see was his bald head. His face didn't look normal, but I can't explain to you why."

William screamed in terror. He was convinced that the little man was trying to kidnap him and take him away. He shouted out for his sisters. Both came running in to find William sitting up in bed screaming about the little man.

His sisters could see that William was genuinely terrified, and they believed him when he said he had seen somebody. By this time, the man was gone. Still one of his sisters stayed with him the rest of the night, just in case the strange man came back.

Fortunately, he never did, and the incident became one of those childhood incidents that remain in the back of your mind but are rarely talked about. One day many years later, he did bring the subject up to his adult sister. She clearly recalled the incident and how frightened they had all been. She was shocked to learn about William's UFO encounter, but she also found his story believable.

William however, continued to examine his life for signs of ET contact. In 1977, his second daughter was five years old. During this year, he had another series of bizarre dreams that he believes might be connected to the UFO phenomenon.

Says William, "I would dream that I was lying in bed and I would be unable to move. And I would be just terrified. I'd wake up in the dream and realize I was lying there unable to move. And then I would see our daughter running at the end of the bed, and it would frighten me all the more."

Usually, the dream ended at this point and William would wake up terrified. What was strange about these dreams is that sometimes they occurred before he actually went to sleep. He would be lying in bed, falling asleep when he suddenly the paralysis would overcome him and he would see his daughter run by. Each time, however, he would be completely terrified.

Whenever he checked on his daughter, she would be in bed sound asleep, so he assumed at first that these were just a weird kind of lucid dream. What bothered him,

however, was his unreasonable fear. As he says, “Why in heaven’s name would I be afraid of my own daughter?”

The dream repeated itself many times, until finally there was one major variation that explained everything. Says William, “Occasionally the dream was of a little Frankenstein monster running along. The only thing I can think of is he had a misshapen head and I believe some sort of very peculiar clothing. And he’s running very stiff-legged, but he is running.”

When the dream shifted towards this new theme, William realized that his five-year-old daughter, and this monstrous-looking figure were exactly the same height. Both were short figures running along the foot of his bed.

Thankfully the series of weird dreams came to an end. William is not sure what the dreams mean, or how much they are connected to the reality of his UFO experiences. But he is convinced that they are significant and should not be overlooked.

His most recent UFO encounter occurred in March, 1999. He and his family had moved to Florida. One afternoon he was driving home from work. The sky was overcast with a low-hanging cloud layer. Looking up through his windshield, William was amazed to observe two elliptical rows of lights arranged in a circular pattern. Each moved independently of each other and kind of wobbled as they hovered at treetop level above the highway.

He slowed down. His first thought was that they were floodlights hanging from a pole. The only thing was, there was no pole, and the lights were moving. As he looked at them, he realized with a shock that he recognized them: they looked like the objects that he had seen photographed in the book, *UFOs over Gulf Breeze* by Ed and Frances Walters.

In awe, he slowed down even more. He eased his car forward down a slight hill until he was almost directly underneath the objects. Says William, “I’m trying to look straight up through my windshield. And then they just winked out. They just disappeared.”

The UFOs were gone, so William continued home. However, he was impressed enough by his sighting to report it to a local UFO investigator. After researching his case, the investigator called him back and said that what he probably saw was a rocket launch that had taken place over Bermuda. William, however, dismissed the explanation, as he had seen rocket launches from Cape Canaveral. What he saw had no similarity whatsoever to rockets.

Following this sighting, William has reported no further encounters or strange incidents. He continues to study the subject of UFOs. He finds the lack of hard science a little disturbing, but has been impressed by some of the photographic evidence, particularly the photographic analyses done by UFO researcher, Bruce Maccabee Ph.D.

He has recently told several other family members about his 1950 UFO encounter. Most have made no comment whatsoever.

The only other thing in his life that William feels might be somehow related to his UFO experiences is that he has developed an interest in alternative healing. Says William, “I’m very interested in this Chi energy business. I just got interested in that in the last two years. So I went to a laying-on-of-hands class. To tell you the truth, I can’t tell if it is particularly helpful or not, but my wife claims it is. So I’m glad to lay hands on my wife!”

Chapter Four: A Giant Grasshopper Alien

Jeannie Noble will always remember the first weird incident that would eventually lead to the profound realization that she was in contact with seven-foot-tall, grasshopper-looking extraterrestrials. It certainly wasn't something she had seriously considered before "the incident."

It occurred one evening in 1998 in her apartment in an affluent suburb in southern California. Earlier in the night, she and her husband had eaten dinner, watched a little television and then went to sleep in the bedroom of their home. Around 2:00 AM, Jeannie woke up for a bizarre reason. Says Jeannie, "I was awakened because I had this horrific taste of garlic in my mouth. It was as if I had eaten a complete head of garlic--the whole thing, raw. That's how strong it was. Well if you can imagine, it woke me up! So I thought, what in the heck is this?"

Her first thought was that it must be garlic from dinner earlier. But she instantly dismissed that thought because she hadn't actually eaten any garlic. Besides, she had brushed her teeth before bedtime.

Jeannie got up, turned on the light. Her husband lay asleep and unmoving in bed. She went to the bathroom and rinsed out her mouth. She examined her mouth in the mirror. Nothing unusual was there. Except this horrendous garlic smell! It was so strong, she fought the urge to choke and vomit. Where in the world, thought Jeannie, did this come from?

She got out her toothbrush and vigorously brushed her teeth, and then gargled. This had almost no effect on the taste. She repeated the process several times, but still all she could taste was garlic.

Otherwise she felt fine. She had no dizziness, no nausea, no impairment of her faculties. It just didn't make any sense.

She made a note of the incident and went back to sleep. She didn't mention it to her husband. What would she say? There just didn't seem to be any explanation. In the morning, the taste was gone.

Of course, this wasn't the first time that a strange incident had occurred to her. In fact, looking back on her life, she could now count dozens of incidents that other people would call "unexplained." These involved weird nighttime incidents during which strange figures would visit her and give her messages while she was in a half-sleep, half-waking state.

At the time these occurred, she would write them down in a diary. She recognized that they were unusual, but back then she had no way of interpreting what was happening to her. This all changed in the year 2000.

Looking in the paper, she heard about a local UFO meeting near her home town. The speaker was popular UFO researcher, Derrel Sims. Jeannie decided to attend.

She had always found the subject of UFOs and extraterrestrials fascinating. In fact, from as long as she could remember, she has had vivid and detailed dreams about UFOs. But these, she reasoned, were just dreams. She had never actually seen a UFO. Still, she found herself drawn to the subject. Several years earlier she began reading books on the subject, until by now, she had amassed a sizable library. Yes, she was interested in the subject, but she didn't really think she was personally involved.

She was recently divorced, and now she was able to devote more time to her own interests. She decided to attend the presentation.

The lecture was very interesting, and Jeannie made a point to speak with Derrel Sims personally. She approached him after the lecture and to her delight, Derrel was happy to share some of his time with her. As she spoke with him, she mentioned her earlier experience of waking up to the over-powering taste of garlic in her mouth. Derrel expressed interest in the incident and asked her several other pointed questions about her history and other similar unexplained incidents. Before the conversation was over, Derrel made it clear to Jeannie that he thought she might be having contact. He told her that if she wanted, he could hypnotize her to the time of the garlic incident and see if anything comes up.

Jeannie reluctantly agreed. This became a turning point in her life. Derrel placed her in a hypnotic trance and slowly regressed her back to the night of the garlic incident. At first, it seemed that the session was not going to work. While Jeannie easily slipped into a trance, she only recalled the normal mundane details that anyone would experience.

Then, at the last moments of the session, it came with a powerful flash--an image of an extraterrestrial--a very large extraterrestrial that looked like a gigantic grasshopper. Says Jeannie, "Towards the end of that session, I could see myself standing between the bathroom and my bed, and I saw what looked like an ant creature--like a praying mantis or ant-looking creature, I'm not sure. I saw mostly its head and its face. But I saw this creature shoving something down my throat. I don't know if it was a tube, or what it was. I know I was fighting it."

The flashback shocked Jeannie to her core. A seven-foot-tall grasshopper-like ET had been in her bedroom! It seemed impossible to believe. And yet, the memory was so vivid. Says Jeannie, "It was big, a lot bigger than me. It scared the daylights out of me when I saw it there. In that flash I was terrified. I was trying to fight this thing off because it was shoving something down my throat. Like I said, I couldn't tell if it was a tube, or if it was trying to inject something down my throat, or what it was. But I could see and feel that thing going down my throat. And this creature was holding me down so he--*it*--could do this."

In the flashback, Jeannie also remembered being somehow paralyzed by the creature. “I just felt a force holding me down so that I couldn’t fight it, although I was trying.”

The flashback was brief, but it was enough to convince Jeannie that she was dealing with actual ETs. Derrel explained that the garlic taste was probably a screen memory, which was used by the ETs to cover their tracks and hide the taste of whatever it was that they put in her mouth.

Naturally, Jeannie was shocked. She was in contact with extraterrestrials? How could something like this have happened to her? How long had this been going on?

Her first step was to examine her entire life and look for any weird happenings that might be interpreted as alien contact. She didn’t have to look very deeply--there were lots of clues that something strange had been going on for a long, long time.

One early incident that immediately stood out occurred when she was about eight years old. Her parents had sent her and her little sister to a six-week-long camp for girls in the Hollywood Hills. Although the camp had many recreational activities for pre-teens, Jeannie hated going there. She wanted to stay home with her friends.

Another reason for her dislike of the camp was Jeannie’s deep-seated fear of sleeping outside. Connected to this was a fear of coyotes, though she admits that she has no idea where this particular fear came from. While there were bungalows for the girls to sleep in, there were also many outside camp-sites where the girls could sleep under the stars. Often, the girls chose to sleep outside--a fact that caused Jeannie considerable concern. Jeannie, of course, always chose to sleep inside.

One night at the camp, *all* of the girls decided to sleep outside under the stars. Jeannie, however, refused. One by one, all the girls left, until it was just Jeannie and her little sister still remaining in the bungalow. Jeannie was in the top bunk next to the window, and her sister was in the lower bunk.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Jeannie was woken up by a weird disturbance. It began suddenly and without warning, when a bright flash of light filled the room, accompanied by what appeared to be a strong rush of wind. Jeannie’s first thought was that she had been struck by lightning. She didn’t bother to stop and investigate. Instead, she leapt out of bed and ran outside screaming in terror. Jeannie’s sister followed right behind.

Both young girls ran straight towards the outside campsite and the other sleeping girls, only a few hundred feet away. At this point, Jeannie’s memory becomes even more confused. She remembers reaching the campsite, finding a spot, and climbing inside a sleeping bag. Then she recalls something that still chills her to the bone--several coyotes had surrounded her and were glaring at her with their cold, staring eyes.

The memory ends here. At the time, Jeannie didn’t know how to explain the incident. She just knew that she was right to be afraid of sleeping outside. However,

now that she knew about her other encounter and had the benefit of hindsight, she began to wonder, could this have been an alien encounter?

When Derrel Sims had researched her history, he seemed particularly interested in exploring this incident under hypnosis. And so it became the subject for another hypnotic session.

Again, the session was conducted in her apartment. Jeannie invited her friend over for support, and to help document the events. As before, Jeannie slipped easily into a hypnotic trance. Derrel led her back to the night in question.

As she sat in the easy chair, Jeannie could feel herself becoming increasingly anxious. Not only could she vividly see what had happened, it was almost as if she was back in time, re-living the entire ordeal. As she edged closer to the moment of the "lightning strike," she also began to feel an incredibly strong psychological resistance. Still under hypnosis, she shouted out to Derrel, "I need to get out of here! I need to get out of here!"

Derrel had dealt with these strong memory blocks before with other clients, and he knew what to do. He remained firm and refused to let Jeannie's attention waver. Slowly but steadily, he brought Jeannie forward to the exact moment of the disturbance.

Then she saw it: the cause of her fear. It wasn't lightning at all. As she lay there in bed, she woke up to see the room filling with a blazing bright light. Seconds later, two extraterrestrials began to materialize through the closed window. Says Jeannie, "I saw four arms coming through the window. They were long skinny arms, with something like three or four fingers at the end of them, and a real bright light behind them. I ran out of the room."

By this point, Jeannie was too frightened to carefully observe any details. Under hypnosis, she recalled racing out of the bungalow with her sister. They both ran to the nearby outside campsite.

Again, Jeannie felt herself resisting the next memory. However, her trance was deep, and before she could turn away, the memory was upon her. Surrounding her bed were three or four eerie-looking, enormous coyotes. They were much larger than normal coyotes, and all of their eyes glowed a "brilliant, glaring blue."

The hypnosis session yielded no other details. Derrel explained to her that the coyotes were probably another screen memory, and that it would take additional sessions to uncover the actual nature of the incident. However, the two sessions were enough for Jeannie. It was clear to her that this incident involved ETs and not coyotes.

Taken alone the event would be hard to categorize. However, it was only one scattered piece of an incredibly complicated puzzle. As she examined her life for further signs of extraterrestrial visitation, there was one aspect that came up again and again: her dreams.

Her dream life, she learned from an early age, was somewhat unusual. Not only were her dreams extremely vivid, a disproportional number of them involved UFOs and extra-terrestrials. In most cases, these dreams involved humanity's imminent contact.

"All through my childhood and into my adulthood," says Jeannie, "I would have the same dream over and over again. And as I grew older, I was always age appropriate in the dream. And the dream was: I was in a park. It was nighttime, and there were lots of people around. All of a sudden, the night sky filled with all kinds of saucers, or flying machines. They were filling the sky and everybody was panicked and running. So because they were running, I was running. And all of these people were scared to death. But I was never afraid. I've had this same dream over and over."

Other ET-dreams filled Jeannie's nighttimes. Again, the theme was always the same: the ETs are coming! Says Jeannie, "I had a dream where I was fixing a meal. I was excited because I knew that the 'visitors' were coming, and I was getting ready to welcome them. Then shortly after that I had another dream that there was a mother ship hovering over my apartment. More recently I've had dreams where I was sitting in a park at nighttime. I was sitting on the grass with a person. Then all of a sudden out of the sky these UFO were coming straight at me in a V-formation. They were all identical. And I said to the person next to me, 'See, I told you they were real. I told you.'"

Another repetitive dream occurred often enough that Jeannie titled it "The Star People." Says Jeannie, "In this dream I was in a city like New York City, walking on the sidewalk in a crowd of people. And out of the crowd a young man holding a big stack of newspapers came up to me. He found me out of the crowd, handed me one of the papers and then disappeared. And I looked down at the headline of the paper. In big, huge black letters, it said: STAR PEOPLE. And that was the dream."

While Jeannie always interpreted these dreams as a reflection of her strong interest in UFOs, now she was beginning to wonder if the reverse might be the case. Maybe the dreams were a reflection of actual contact?

The more she thought about it, the more this seemed like the case. Because the fact was, the dreams (and there were many others) were only one part of the complex of bizarre events that pointed towards the possibility that she was a UFO contactee.

A few other experiences stood out. One occurred as an adult, before she had read much about UFOs and ETs. She was beginning to develop a strong and intense interest in the subject. This apparently resulted in another encounter.

One evening she was lying in bed getting ready to sleep when she suddenly had the distinct impression that there was someone, or *something*, standing in the open doorway. Says Jeannie, "I felt that there was a gray peeking into our bedroom. And as soon as I opened my eyes, it was gone. Then a while later, I felt that there were two of them standing at the foot of my bed. With these two at the foot of my bed, it was like we were talking telepathically. And they knew that I wanted to know what was going on--what the truth of all of this was. And I could hear them talking with each other,

wondering what they were going to do with me, because I wanted to know so badly. Those were the words I heard. Then I opened my eyes and they weren't there...At this time, I hadn't met Derrel. I hadn't really looked into the UFO phenomenon or any of this. These were just experiences I was having and documenting."

Another nighttime visitation occurred not long after Jeannie was divorced. In this instance, she spontaneously, and without hypnosis, recalled being abducted by the ETs.

For a period of about a month, Jeannie suddenly found that she was unable to sleep peacefully at night. Normally she had no trouble sleeping, but now she was tossing and turning all night. She felt like she was constantly on guard against something that was trying to get her.

Says Jeannie, "I'd fall asleep and find myself kicking and fighting. And I never do this. This is very unusual behavior for me. This lasted about a month. And then one night, I was kicking so hard, all the covers were at the end of my bed. This actually happened. Towards the end of the night--in a flash--while I was kicking and fighting, I saw myself in an examination room, and I saw one of these creatures standing at the foot of this table. And it was huge. It looked like a mantis, or some kind of animal-looking thing. It must have been seven feet tall. And it was leaning over me. And there was another in the background. It was either shorter than this one, or possibly as tall, but because it was standing further back, I couldn't tell the size of it. And that was just in a flash, in an instant, I saw that scene. And I thought, 'Well, this must be what I have been fighting.'"

Following that evening, Jeannie began to sleep peacefully again. While it was clear to her that the experience was not a dream, she catalogued it in her mind as just another weird experience that would someday have an explanation. Deep in the back of her mind, she already knew that it involved a UFO abduction; by this time she had read enough books on the subject to recognize the signs. However, it wasn't until she met Derrel shortly later and underwent hypnotic regression that she was able to face this fact.

Today, Jeannie continues to have experiences. On many occasions, Jeannie has been woken up by a telepathic voice insisting that she write down a certain specific message. Some of these are short, frustrating phrases such as: "We are trying to communicate with you but you don't understand."

Others are more profound. On another occasion, Jeannie woke up to record the provocative message: "Those that come from afar will show the way."

It is these types of nighttime encounters that comprise the majority of Jeannie's ET contacts. While she is certain that she has had physical contact on several occasions, there have also been very frequent telepathic contacts.

Interestingly, in many ways Jeannie does not fit the profile of a UFO experiencer. For example, she has never even seen a UFO. Nor does she have any unexplained scars or scoop-marks typical of many UFO abductees.

However, she does admit to having a few bizarre physical symptoms. On several occasions, she has woken up to discover that her naval was red, sore and inflamed.

Probably the most inexplicable incident involved a very rare symptom of UFO abduction. Jeannie had read that some UFO abductees have strange patches on their bodies that fluoresce under a black-light. Jeannie was intrigued and decided to check her body. She and her friend obtained a black-light and examined their bodies. Her friend's body was normal. Jeannie, however, was not surprised to find that hers was not. Under the black-light, the palms of Jeannie's hands glowed with obvious fluorescence. Both she and her friend "freaked out."

Jeannie immediately washed her hands then tried again. Her hands still glowed brightly. She washed her hands forcefully over and over again, however her palms still glowed. They continued to glow under the black light for the next three days, before finally returning to normal.

While some of her encounters have been scary, Jeannie has dealt with the emotional turmoil as best as she can. One thing that still bothers her is seeing other witnesses' drawings of the same praying mantis-type extraterrestrials that she has encountered. Says Jeannie, "When people start showing pictures of different ETs, there are some that I can't look at. I get goose-bumps all over and it makes me want to throw up. Some of them make me cringe. I can't look at them."

Otherwise, Jeannie continues to live a normal life. You would never know from looking at her that she has had a series of incredible encounters with extraterrestrials. However, she knows that she is just one of a growing number of people who are waking up to the reality of extraterrestrial contact. And if the messages she is getting from the ETs are true, open contact with humanity is imminent and soon *everybody* will be aware of the ETs.

Chapter Five: The Woh-Geh

It was the summer of 1992 and Stan Hughes and his family decided to go on a one-day visit to Lake Pend'Oreille not far from their home in the upper Idaho panhandle. They pulled off Highway 200 and found an attractive spot along the north shore of the lake. Along with him were his daughter and several of his in-laws. They set up their lawn chairs, pulled out some snacks and refreshments and prepared to enjoy the spectacular scenery.

Hughes and his family enjoyed visiting the lake frequently. Not only was it fun to get away into nature and relax, but then there were the UFOs. Stan calls them nocturnal lights, or "NLs." He's not sure when their first sightings occurred, but at some point during their regular visits to the lake, they began to see UFOs whizzing back and forth over the lake.

In virtually every case, these involved small, oval-shaped, glowing white objects that would maneuver in various fashions, including zigzagging, instantly stopping and hovering, and then suddenly accelerating to high speeds. On each occasion, there would be multiple objects. Usually they would count about ten or twenty, though there were sometimes more, sometimes less.

The UFOs were thrilling to watch, "a fun family activity," one that they enjoyed immensely. They spent many hours tracking the UFOs, speculating about who they were, where they came from, and where they were going.

Rarely did the objects display any interest in the puzzled humans below them. Normally they traveled at very high altitudes, though occasionally they would swoop down to a few thousand feet or lower, before suddenly darting back upwards and moving off into the distance.

Of course, there would be nights when the UFOs wouldn't show up at all. But on this particular summer night in 1992, the UFOs were putting on a dazzling display. As Stan says, "The nocturnal lights were really whizzing all around."

The lights were more numerous than normal, and they appeared to be coming lower and lower. Suddenly, Stan and the others were amazed to see one of the objects coming directly at them, about 200 feet above the lake. Says Stan, "We were up on the bluff, so we were looking straight at it, rather than up at it. But it was straight at us, so it was coming right at lake level."

None of them could believe what happened next. Suddenly Stan's daughter cried out, "Daddy! Daddy! They're talking to me! They're talking to me! What should I do?" She looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes.

Stan was so shocked he just said, "Tell them you love them."

He watched with tenderness as his daughter said in her sweet little voice, "I love you."

Says Stan, “That’s when it flared up so bright, we had to cover our eyes. All we could see was a really bright white light. It had blue in it. It flared up so brightly, we could see our shadows.”

Stan’s mother-in-law cried out, “My God! They can’t be hearing us. They *must* be reading our minds!”

After flaring brightly, the object rose upward and traveled directly over their heads towards the mountains behind them. Each of the witnesses remarked upon the intense and persistent after-images on their retinas caused by the brightness of the object.

Stan very much enjoyed the encounter, especially because it seemed so positive and joyous. By this time, he had developed almost a closeness to the UFOs, as if they were his friends.

Stan is of Native American ancestry, specifically from the Blood Tribe of Canada. His name in Seneca is *Ha-Gue-A-Dees-Sas* or “Man Seeking His People.” While he doesn’t strictly follow the Native American religious traditions, he is aware that Native American cultures have a long tradition of interactions with what they call “the Woh-Geh” or the Star People.

The Woh-Geh are generally considered to be wise and benevolent star visitors who only rarely interact in human affairs, but are working for the betterment of humanity. They are considered brothers to humanity, though perhaps more advanced.

In Stan Hughes’ case, this seems to be true. All of his encounters with UFOs have been very positive. One of his first sightings occurred while he was visiting the campus of the University of Illinois back in 1989. He and a friend were lying out on the campus grounds at around 2:00 AM, watching the sky. Suddenly, a perfectly round gray disk approached, moving slowly overhead. Says Hughes, “There were no lights on it or anything. I think the reason we saw it was because it reflected the light of the city.”

As the object moved overhead, Stan turned to his friend and said, “Look!” Her reaction surprised Stan. As he says, “She looked up, and she jumped up, and she went running after it. It was floating westward, and she was jabbering at it in Yakima, so I don’t know what she was saying. But she was trying to talk to it.”

Unfortunately, the object didn’t respond and just moved away.

Hughes’ next dramatic encounter occurred in 1997 and involves an incredible and benevolent firsthand contact with the Woh-Geh.

He was traveling with his wife to a teacher’s convention (his wife is a school principal) near Priest Lake, again on the Northern section of the Idaho panhandle. Because his wife was busy with work duties, Stan decided to take the dog and spend the night on nearby Thunder Mountain in Washington State. The area was very isolated, pristine and beautiful. It was one of his favorite natural retreats, and he spent many nights up there watching the stars, and of course, the many nocturnal lights. In fact, he had tracked many of the N.L.’s paths, and they often seemed to be heading towards or

intersecting around upper Priest Lake. He later learned from a friend that there might be an underwater base situated there.

On this night, however, Stan was just hoping to have a little fun watching the nocturnal lights. On this occasion, he was not disappointed. Says Stan, "There was some nocturnal light activity as usual. Nothing really spectacular, but I felt it was worth the time and it was fun to get out there anyway."

After sunrise, he packed up his stuff, got the dog and began the drive back to Priest Lake. He usually took an old gravel road that was about forty miles long, a more direct route to his location than the main highways.

This morning was no exception. He drove past the small town at the base of the mountain and turned onto the gravel road. There was no traffic whatsoever, though this was not abnormal.

As he drove along the road, a strange feeling of fatigue suddenly overwhelmed him. Says Stan, "This is really bizarre. All of a sudden I got really sleepy and drowsy. I don't know why but I just had to pull over for a minute alongside the road there."

Stan says that although it was daytime and the sun was shining brightly, he had to fight to stay awake. He felt himself slipping into what felt like a strange trance-state.

At this point, he heard something approaching from above and behind. Says Stan, "I heard this swishing, whirring sound. It's hard to describe because it was more than just the wind."

As he watched, a giant silver metallic sphere about fifty feet in diameter came down and hovered about one foot above the road directly in front of his vehicle. There were no markings, lights or portholes on the object, which reminded him of a huge silver metallic balloon the size of a small house.

Within seconds, a dark, oval-shaped, door-sized opening appeared on the front of the object and a six-foot-tall human-looking figure stepped out. Stan could hardly believe his eyes. As he says, "This guy walks out, and he was handsome. He looked almost Arabic. He had black hair, just...oh...I was so entranced by this guy. I've never seen anybody quite *that* good-looking, a really good-looking guy. He was wearing a brown jumpsuit--it looked like it was made out of cloth--and silver boots. When he stepped out, he stepped down just a little step and came walking towards me. And I can still see him walking towards me because he was so handsome. He was a beautiful human being--that beautiful black hair, not really cut short. He looked so handsome in his jumpsuit and silver boots. And he came walking towards my car, and he was holding out his hand to me and he was smiling."

Stan's reaction surprised him. At this point, the man stood only a few feet away, directly in front of the windshield. Their stares locked onto each other's. A powerful feeling of longing pierced his heart. Although his windows were rolled up, he cried out to the man, "Will you take me with you? I don't want to be here anymore. Will you take me with you?"

The effect was instantaneous. Says Stan, “He had the nicest smile on his face. Then as soon as I said that, he just stopped in his tracks, and the saddest look came over his face. His arm just dropped, and he turned around. He never said a word. He walked back and went into this weird craft and the thing, whatever it was, just kind of lifted up and went above the windshield so I couldn’t see it anymore.”

After the craft left, Stan was surprised to find that he was very emotional. “When that happened, I just felt so sad. This sadness feeling rolled all over me like water.”

He looked down at his dog who had somehow slept through the entire incident. Normally the dog would bark when strangers approached. Now he slept peacefully with his head resting on Stan’s lap.

The engine on the car was still running. The sun shined brightly. Everything looked completely normal, as if nothing had happened. Stan took a few deep breaths and continued his drive. At the time, he wondered if perhaps he had fallen asleep and dreamed the entire incident. The only problem is, he never remembered actually falling asleep, and if he did, he never woke up. While he did feel like he was somehow almost tranquilized, the experience took place in full waking consciousness, with no apparent lapses in awareness or any missing time. After thinking about what happened, he could come to no other conclusion than that he had just encountered a UFO and a spaceman.

He has no idea why the craft landed in front of him or what the man wanted. He didn’t know who the man was, but he felt a strange kinship to him and was ready to join him in his craft. If the man had said yes to his request, he would have gladly gone with him. Instead, the handsome spaceman appeared sorrowful and apologetic as he turned and departed. It was then that Stan was hit by the feeling of sadness. The feeling persisted for weeks, and whenever he recalled the incident. Stan considers it his most dramatic encounter, but it was by no means his last. His interaction with the mysterious Woh-Geh continued.

Another interesting series of encounters again seems to show a benevolent side to the extraterrestrials. On this occasion, the encounters revolved around his son.

After high school, Stan’s son had traveled to Norway, where he spent one year as a foreign exchange student. He stayed at the home of a family whose own son had died. Stan’s son stayed in the family’s son’s bedroom. After one year, he returned back to Idaho.

Shortly after returning, Stan’s son began to suffer from depression, which was totally out of character. His condition worsened until he actually became suicidal. His condition came from out of the blue and everybody was at a loss to explain it. Even though he was receiving professional help, the problem put stress on the entire family.

One summer evening, Stan decided that it might be fun to spend the night camping on Thunder Mountain. He asked his son if he’d like to join them, but his son declined. So Stan decided to go with a friend.

They traveled up to the campgrounds and prepared for the night. Around 2:00 AM, Stan's friend climbed into his truck and went to sleep. Stan, however, decided to stay up and maybe catch a few more sightings of nocturnal lights. He wasn't surprised when one of the familiar objects scooted overhead. This time, however, the object stopped and did something very unusual. Says Stan, "It started pulsating. It kept coming closer and backing up. It would come close and then it would back away. And each time it came closer, I had this feeling of dread, like something terrible was going on. And then it would move back away and come down again. And it did that over and over and over. I realized that it was trying to communicate with me."

Stan tried to wake up his friend, but he wasn't interested. The light continued to pulsate for more than twenty minutes before finally going away. He had no idea what the UFO was trying to say, but he felt sure that it was giving some kind of warning.

The next morning he drove home and found the family in crisis. Last night, at the exact time that Stan was seeing the UFO, his son was experiencing a suicidal episode. Stan is convinced "more than anything in the world" that the UFO was trying to warn him.

Events came to a climax a few months later. Stan's son was still feeling unwell. So the family decided to give him a traditional Native American healing ceremony.

It was a warm June evening as the family gathered at Sullivan Lake in northeastern Washington. While Stan didn't follow the traditional ways, his brother and sister-in-law did. His sister-in-law had done native healing ceremonies before, so she took charge over Stan's son.

After meditating, she explained the problem. Stan's son, it seemed, was not actually depressed at all. Instead, he appeared to be "possessed" by a spirit whom she identified as the young gentleman in whose room Stan's son had stayed for one year in Norway as a foreign exchange student. She then began "doctoring him," effectively exorcising the spirit out of him.

The younger children in the group suddenly began screaming when the ghost of the deceased Norwegian student appeared without warning. Although frightening, his appearance was the sign that they were looking for: Stan's son was freed of his condition.

After the ceremony, Stan's son was instructed to jump into the icy lake, which he was hesitant to do. However, after being told that it was a necessary part of his treatment, he finally jumped in, letting out a loud shout of "joy and exultation."

It was at this exact moment that a UFO appeared. Says Stan, "That's when we heard the humming. And we turned around and right behind us, this UFO had dropped so low that it was shaking the tops of the trees. It was totally black, but with lights around it. It was a big one."

Everybody in the group watched as the saucer hovered for a few moments, and then floated quietly away over the trees into the distance. Stan's brother said that the

Woh-Geh had come to celebrate the success of the healing ceremony with them. Says Stan, “Isn’t that weird? That was quite an experience.”

Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, Stan and his family continued to enjoy occasional UFO watching. More often than not, they would see some type of unusual light activity. Stan is, of course, convinced that they are UFOs. As he says, “What I have determined is, they speed up and slow down, they pulsate brightly or not so brightly. They might change directions. They might come to a complete stop for a while then pick up again. So you know nocturnal lights when you see them. When you see a nocturnal light make a ninety-degree turn and stop, and then start up again--no plane can do that.”

Today, Stan is retired and his children grown. He continues to go on the occasional UFO hunt. Because of his many encounters, he has become very interested in the Woh-Geh and Native American-UFO connection, and reports that many of his Native American friends have also had encounters. He is also an accomplished author with several successful books. He is thankful to have had UFO encounters, and feels that they have been a very positive force in his life. He looks forward to his next encounter, and with his track record, he probably won’t have long to wait!

Chapter Six: The Alien Outside the Window

Connie Lopez was living the American Dream. She had a loving husband, a beautiful house in the suburbs outside of Los Angeles, California and two young daughters, age two and four. Her life was about as normal as it could get. All of that, however, was soon to change.

The event that changed everything occurred in mid-November 1969. She had just given birth to her third child, a baby boy, who was about two weeks old. At the time, Connie was a fulltime housewife. She and her husband had decided that it was best for the children if she stayed home with them.

Most of Connie's time was spent caring for her newborn son. It was a very special time and she wanted her son to have the best possible care. For this reason, she placed his crib in the corner of the master bedroom, only a few feet from her bed. That way she could check on him throughout the evening.

Connie knew from experience that newborn infants demand 24-hour, around-the-clock care, so she wasn't too alarmed when she woke up in the middle of the evening to hear a strange noise. At first she assumed it was her son. But as she listened, she realized the sound was coming from the big picture-window above her baby's crib. In fact, it sounded like somebody was taking their fingers and rubbing them against the glass to make a squeaking noise.

She looked up at the window and received the single greatest shock of her life. A six-foot-tall alien figure stood there with its hands pressed up against the window, staring down intently at her newborn son. It appeared to be trying to find a way to open the window--a window that *couldn't* be physically opened as it was fixed to the wall.

The whole scene was so bizarre that Connie at first had trouble believing her eyes. But as the being continued to try to open the window, her attention was drawn to its hands, which had little suction-cup-like protrusions on its fingers. "I remember the hand being stuck to the window," says Connie, "like an octopus's suckers...I will never forget those things. They look like those little things on the bottom of an octopus. I'll never forget that because it made a squeaky noise, like it was trying to open the window, force it up, push it to the side. And it wouldn't open. So I was like, 'Oh, my God!'"

At this point, Connie realized that she was neither sleeping nor dreaming. She was wide-awake. She looked up to examine the face of the figure more closely. Whatever it was, it was clearly not human. While it had arms and legs and a head, any resemblance stopped there. Its eyes were large and dark. It had a very large hairless head, a small mouth and tiny nose. Its arms were long and skinny. It had grayish skin and didn't appear to be wearing any clothes. But its bizarre hands and fingers impressed her the most. It was doing everything it could to open the window.

With a flash of fear, Connie realized it was staring directly at the baby. It didn't even seem to notice Connie. It was only interested in getting past the window to her newborn son. Connie reacted quickly. She sat up in bed and attempted to rescue her son.

Instantly, however, she was slammed back onto her mattress by a mysterious force which held her there paralyzed. Says Connie, "There was something keeping me down, from getting up. I remember the pressure. I was trying to hold onto the mattress and force myself up. It wouldn't let me come up. I couldn't even call my husband. I couldn't yell. I couldn't do anything. I was numb, paralyzed. I just couldn't move. I could feel I was crying because I could feel the tears coming out of my eyes. I remember, all I kept thinking is, 'Oh, my God! He wants to take my baby!'"

Connie watched in fear as the alien paced back and forth, trying to force the window open on either side. It kept its eyes fixated on her newborn son, and occasionally glanced at the mobile hanging above the crib. Finally, after about three minutes, the ET gave up its attempts to get inside. Says Connie, "All of a sudden it just walked away from the window, like, 'I can't get this baby.' And before I knew it, I was able to get up."

After the paralysis lifted, Connie rushed over to her son's crib, scooped him up and ran to the far corner of the room, where she sat crying, trying to figure out what had just happened. Her son had slept through the entire incident and appeared to be fine. Connie woke up her husband and told him what happened.

He looked at her with shocked disbelief. "Maybe you were dreaming?" he offered.

"I'm not crazy," Connie said. "The window's there. The crib's there."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"I couldn't. Something was forcing me down. It was real. It was real. It couldn't have been a dream."

Connie's husband looked at her skeptically. At this point, she didn't care. All she wanted to do was take her son and get out of the house. That morning she told her husband she wanted to take the baby and stay at her mother's. He asked her why and she just said, "I don't feel good." She didn't want to tell her husband that it was because of the incident which he still thought was a dream. Says Connie, "I was so paranoid and so scared. I kept thinking, *I know it happened*. I was just scared that it would come back."

After a few days, Connie returned reluctantly to her home. She considered boarding up the bedroom window, but she knew her husband would disagree. Instead, she moved the crib away from the window.

About one week after the incident she went outside to see if there was any evidence, such as footprints outside or handprints on the window itself. There was nothing to indicate that anybody had been there.

Still Connie found herself lying awake every night. She told her husband that she wanted dogs, and they bought two. Still she was unable to sleep. She finally told her husband the problem, and this time he was more understanding. He was just glad to

know why she had been acting so strangely. He told her that he would do anything he could to make sure she was safe in her own home.

Connie said, “I want to move.” Her husband looked at her in amazement, but he could see she was serious. She explained that she would never feel safe in this house. Her husband understood and they sold the house and moved to a new home in the same neighborhood.

Finally, Connie felt safe. Since then, she had not experienced any other UFO encounters. Says Connie, “I’ll never forget the figure or the face. And now that I see these alien movies, I’m like, ‘Well, that’s what it looked like! Exactly!’ That was the scariest thing of my whole life.”

Chapter Seven: Harry and the Aliens

Today Harry Williams has finally faced the fact that he is having extensive contact with extraterrestrials. However, this revelation didn't come easily. A lifetime of strange events was ignored, pushed aside or suppressed. It wasn't until one particularly shocking and dramatic encounter while driving with his wife that he finally accepted that extraterrestrials were a major part of his life.

It was an early summer evening around dusk in 1985 when his life changed forever. Harry was driving and his wife sat in the front passenger seat. Only a few miles from their home outside of Vandalia, Ohio they came over the hill and saw something odd about 200 meters ahead of them, floating above the right side of the road.

Harry slowed the car down to about twenty miles per hour. As he got closer, he could see that there was a large, metallic, globe-shaped object hovering about twenty feet high along the right side of the road. It was about fifteen feet in diameter and totally silent.

As they pulled alongside of it, Harry and his wife were shocked to see a large, plastic-looking window covering the entire front side of the object. Through the window, they could clearly see two small figures sitting in small seats. It was instantly unmistakable to both of them that it was a UFO piloted by aliens.

Says Harry, "You could see the whole spacecraft. It was white. You could see that opening right there. It was like plastic. And you could see the both of them sitting there. There were two of them. One of them was sitting on each side. And one had his hand on the controls in the middle. I suppose that's what they operated the spaceship with, I don't know. They had their hands there. I could see their arms and their little hands; that's how close I was. You could see the controls. It was like a T-control."

Harry turned to his wife. "Look, honey," he said, "There's aliens in it! There they are! Look at that!"

Harry brought the car to a near stop and looked directly at the tiny figures inside the craft. Says Harry, "They didn't say a word. What was so fascinating were these black eyes, big black eyes and a big gray head. It just fascinated me because it looked like they could look right through your living soul. And yet it was a calm-type thing. They didn't make any action or movement with their arms or anything. They had those big black eyes, and they had a little nose with two little holes in it, hardly any nose at all. And then they had the lower part of their mouth. That's how close I was. All I could see was just their heads and arms, and they were gray. I could not see anything on their bodies. I could not see any clothes at all. Just gray figures...They were looking right at me. I could feel like they were almost looking right through me. It was kind of scary, and I thought, 'Well, I'm just going to keep on looking at them.'"

Harry's wife also saw the object, but was too scared to look directly at it. She became hysterical and screamed at her husband, "Let's get out of here! Floor it!" She

began to panic.

Harry finally relented and slowly drove away. He glanced in the rearview mirror and was amazed to see the craft suddenly move and start following them. He turned to his wife, "Here they come!"

They were less than a mile from their home, but he pressed the gas pedal down hard and accelerated to about fifty miles per hour. The craft continued to follow them about fifty feet behind and above their car. It was hovering so low, that Harry feared it might hit the telephone wires. He raced the car around the corner, slammed on the brakes and pulled into their driveway. At that point, the UFO swerved to the side, swooped upwards a few hundred feet in the sky, and hovered in place.

Harry ran inside and got his parents. When they returned outside, the UFO was still there "just sitting up there in the sky."

"Look!" Harry told them. "It's a UFO!"

His parents stared blankly up at the craft. Harry's wife refused to even look at the object and returned quickly inside. After a few seconds, the object darted straight upward and disappeared. Everybody returned inside. Strangely, nobody discussed the incident.

For Harry, however, it was a turning point. He had always been interested in UFOs. In fact, he had seen them before. But this incident made him wonder if the ETs were interested in him. As he says, "It's just something that I will always remember for the rest of my life. I mean, they seemed like they were so smart. You can just tell, they almost looked through your living soul, thinking you're an ignorant thing or what, but yet they still in a way want to talk to you."

Why did they contact him? he wondered. But even more so, he wondered if this was the same UFO that he had encountered many years ago as a young man. Like it or not, he had to face the fact that the ETs were interested in him, and may have been for a long time.

As he examined his childhood, he recalled a number of strange incidents, which made little sense. Now he could see that they might be related to UFOs.

One incident that always puzzled him occurred one evening when he was about six years old. He woke up to see a "purple ghost" in his bedroom. He doesn't recall much else about the incident, other than being teased mercilessly by his older brothers.

He also had out-of-body experiences, and would often find himself flying over the countryside near his home. This may have been the result of two near-death experiences. In one, Harry had been locked in a trunk on a hot day and was nearly smothered. On another occasion, he got tangled up in a hay-bailer and his left arm was nearly torn off, almost causing him to bleed to death. Fortunately, he recovered from both these incidents.

But the main unexplainable thing that bothered him about his childhood was, he always had a feeling of being watched. Says Harry, "I felt like someone was watching me all the time. I was always thinking, 'Somebody's watching me.' It's a weird feeling.

Maybe they are, I don't know. Maybe they know everything about me, what's going on in my life. Who knows?"

Also, Harry suffered from horrendous night terrors as a child. He had a fear that somebody was going to kidnap him or that invaders would come into the house. It got so bad, that he could only fall asleep by hiding under his bed, in-between his mattresses, under layers of blankets or even under the stairs. Says Harry, "When it got dark, I got scared. It was weird. I wouldn't go to sleep. When I couldn't sleep, I would always stay in one area. I said I was safe in this area. If I could stay in this little area, they can't see me. It's the weirdest thing I've ever seen." This was a pattern that continued even into his adult life. When his wife later asked about his strange sleeping habits, he could only shrug with ignorance.

At the time, Harry didn't connect any of these incidents. He certainly had no reason to think that he was in contact with aliens. All of that changed one summer evening around 1962. Harry was now often alone on the farm as his older brothers had all gone off to college.

Being alone brought Harry's fears to the forefront. He put three locks on his bedroom door. Even that didn't stop his phobia of intruders. He kept asking himself why he was so scared. It just didn't make any sense. The answer came one evening when he was alone in the house.

Their farm was located on a seven-acre parcel that was heavily wooded behind the house. It was about 8:00 o'clock in the evening when he happened to glance out towards the back of the house. He was startled to see that the entire woods were lit up with a huge bright light. Says Harry, "The light was so bright that your eyes couldn't stand to look at it. I've never seen a vehicle as big as that. It was a big bright light, enormous. It was level with the woods. You could see a little bit of the light above the trees. And the rest of it just illuminated the whole woods. I'm pretty sure it was a mother ship. It must have been probably 400-500 feet long. It was so big, and circular. And you know the funny thing, no noise. There was nothing, no noise of any kind. I can't imagine a big craft like this not making some kind of noise. It was just gigantic. It was just amazing. It was so spectacular. I couldn't figure out why nobody else could see it, why there wasn't anybody else around. I was out there by myself."

Harry looked at the huge glowing object in amazement. Instead of fear, he felt only awe and excitement. In fact, he had the sudden impulse to get as close to it as he could. He ran outside and began walking towards the craft. He crossed the clearing in the backyard and then climbed over the barbed wire fence that lined the woods. The instant Harry stepped over the fence, his emotions turned around 180 degrees.

Instead of excitement, he felt a powerful, almost physical wave of terror sweep over him. He continued to hike towards the craft, but with each step, the feeling of fear increased. Suddenly, it became impossible to move forward. Says Harry, "I still wanted to go see what it was. Then something told me in my body not to do it, not to go look at it. I think the fear overcame me, I don't know why; I was real scared. My legs and arms

got real weak. I could barely get back over the fence I was so weak. And I was so excited at first. I jumped over the fence. I said, 'I'm going to see what's going on there! This is going to be fantastic.'"

Instead it turned out to be one of the scariest moments of his life. Harry ran in a panic back to his house, tearing his pants as he crossed over the fence. Says Harry, "I went back in the house and watched it. I was scared. *Scared*. I didn't even want to go out of the house I was so scared. It was awful because I didn't know what to do. I kept thinking they were going to come and get me. I was so scared you can't imagine how scared I was, like I was going to have a heart attack."

Harry went into the back bedroom and peered through the curtains. The craft stayed in place and showed no signs of leaving. He first noticed the craft around 7:00 o'clock. Nearly two hours had passed and it was still there. He wanted to get in the car and drive away, but he was too frightened. He was also disturbed by the fact that nobody else was around. Usually his neighbors were home, or his parents. He wondered if the ETs had purposefully isolated him or waited until he was alone. So he waited in the house, too afraid to go outside, expecting the ETs to invade at any moment. Says Harry, "I didn't see them, but I knew they were there. I knew the big ship was there. I knew they were there."

Finally, after about two hours, he looked towards the woods to find that the craft had gone. He was intensely relieved. All his weird childhood fears had nearly come true. He was sure that he had very nearly been abducted by aliens.

He didn't tell anybody about what happened because he was afraid nobody would believe him. He could hardly believe it himself. He did return into the woods the next day to search for any evidence that the craft had been there. There was nothing to show that a craft the size of a jumbo-jet had been there only hours before.

Harry filed the incident in the back of his mind and refused to think about it. He just went on with his life. He worked as a mechanic, got married and had two children, a son and a daughter. His life was normal, and he worked hard to make it that way.

However, throughout the years, he noticed another strange thing. Every now and then, there would be short periods of time that he could not account for. He had no way to explain the episodes and thought that he was suffering from a strange form of sleep-walking or amnesia. As he says, "There was missing time all the time down by the farm. After a while, it got to the point I got kind of scared, in a way, of being there by myself."

One such episode occurred when he was alone in the house. Two days earlier, he was in the backyard when he heard the sound of a jet flying overhead. Looking up, he was shocked to see that the jet was chasing a small light, which was zigzagging and out-maneuvering the jet. As he watched, more lights showed up and started blinking on and off and moving in strange patterns. This was followed by more jets, which attempted to chase the objects. After about an hour, the UFOs darted away and the cat-and-mouse game ended.

Then, two days after that, at 7:00 o'clock in the evening, Harry was in the kitchen washing dishes. Suddenly, he looked up, and it was 8:30 PM. One and a half hours had passed in an instant. Says Harry, "I kept thinking to myself, what is going on here? That was missing time that I don't know what happened, whether I was sick or what. I didn't know what was the matter with me. I couldn't figure out what had happened."

Again, Harry filed the incident away. Life eventually returned to normal. Other than a phobia of nighttime intruders, unusual sleeping habits, a constant of feeling of being watched, and a few missing time episodes, Harry's life was just like anyone else's.

Then came the summer of 1985 when he and his wife drove down the road near their home and came face-to-face with two gray aliens sitting side-by-side in a small globe-shaped UFO. As previously described, the craft followed them home, hovered for a few moments, then shot straight up.

Harry was amazed. The encounter was the most incredible thing that ever happened to him. Could this explain his strange feeling of being watched? Were the ETs interested in him for some reason?

Little did he know, but his suspicions were about to be confirmed in a big way. It was only a few months after he saw the aliens that he came outside to go to work one morning. Looking up, he was shocked to see a glowing object hovering several hundred feet up. He got into his car and drove to work. To his amazement, the craft swooped down to the left side of the highway and followed his car all the way to work. Once he stopped and got out, the UFO zoomed back up, hovered for a moment, then departed in a flash.

When he began the drive home at the end of the day, the craft was there again. This time, it followed him home from work. Again it was the same thing. It hovered way high up until Harry started driving. At that point, it swooped down and followed. Then when he got home, it darted upwards, hovered, then went straight up.

At first he assumed this was an isolated incident. However, it wasn't long before it happened again, and again. Says Harry, "I get ready to go to work and here these craft would be following me. They would be following me to work and following me home. Some of them were real close, so close. And I got so scared, of course, I had to keep an eye on the road. They never hurt me; they just followed me. And certainly in the morning, they'd be waiting here. I'd get outside and get ready to go in my car and go on the highway, and I could see them on the left-hand side. And when I went ahead and started driving down the highway, the lights just kept following me down the highway."

At first Harry was unnerved by the fact that he was being stalked by a UFO. But after a dozen such incidents, he became used to it. As he says, "It's weird. In a way I look forward to it. In a way, they're like buddies, like, 'Here we are!' I don't know if the UFOs seem to like me, or they follow me around. I have no idea what's going on."

As the years passed, the UFOs continued to make regular appearances, but it was always off in the distance. And so it continued for the next two decades.

At some point, Harry asked various family members what they thought about UFOs. His parents had nothing to offer. His mother seemed strangely reluctant to discuss the subject. He asked his brothers what they believed, and they told him that they were skeptics. His wife was terrified by the subject and refused to talk about it. He told his children, but they too found the subject frightening. They all knew that he found the subject interesting, and that he claimed to have sightings, but their curiosity took them no further.

Harry, however, was becoming increasingly intrigued. He had little doubt that the aliens were still watching him. Sometimes when he'd get the familiar feeling of being under alien surveillance, he'd go outside and stare at the stars. On a few occasions, he'd look at a very bright star and wonder: were they up there, watching him, *right now?*

Then, one night in 2001, Harry stepped out on the back patio and noticed a peculiar-looking star-like object hovering perfectly still. It looked like a star except it was brighter and larger than a normal star, and it almost seemed to be low in the sky. Weird beams or rays of light appeared to be spiking off it.

Harry called out jokingly too his wife, "Come out here and look at this. This is a UFO for sure." She refused to come outside.

Harry could hardly believe what happened next. Says Harry, "I was just playing around. Then, there it was. I said, 'Here it comes!' I about died. I couldn't believe it. This UFO was on top of me, and I mean in about two to three seconds. It just came right down out of the sky, and it was right on top of my house. It was bright, like a big dish that was upside down. A bright light type of thing."

Harry stared for a few seconds, then the object shot straight upward and disappeared. He walked back inside and told his wife. She reminded him that she did not like to discuss UFOs.

Since then, Harry often sees the UFOs hovering in the sky, masquerading as stars. He can tell the difference only because the UFOs betray their presence by emitting small beams of lights. On several occasions, if he waits long enough, the star-like objects will come swooping down low enough so that he can see that they are definitely craft. He estimates that they're about the size of a small house.

The UFOs seem to appear almost whenever he goes looking for them, as if they are in constant contact. Says Harry, "They're still here. I go outside and I look up in the sky, and some nights, I can say, 'Well, here's one up here, and here's one here.' And if I stay awhile, if I want to, they'll come real close. It's this thing I have with the UFOs. All I have to do is just step out and sooner or later I'll look up in the sky, and they'll know I'm looking at them. That's pretty far out. They know I'm here. I don't know, I think they know me. And they know that I don't want to hurt them, and they don't want to

hurt me. It's a buddy type thing. They just want to be in contact with me. I don't know how it works. It's just something that's amazing, that's all."

Harry believes the ETs are friendly, and he has been trying to make closer contact. Then came one occasion in 2005. He was driving home along the interstate when he noticed a very bright light pacing his car, only this time it was much closer than usual. Says Harry, "It was a big ball of light. A big bright light was following me home. And I got really shaky. I got real scared. I thought, 'Man, oh man, am I scared!'"

Harry pulled off the highway and headed toward home. The object veered off the highway and followed.

Harry found himself beginning to panic. He drove the last mile very nervously keeping one eye on the object and one eye on the road. The object seemed to be getting closer and closer. Harry screeched the car into the driveway, jumped from the car, ran into the house, slammed the door shut, and turned off all the lights in the house.

His heart beat loudly as he tried to think of what to do. Finally, he decided he would go outside and see if the UFO was still there. He crept out the front door and peeked around the side of the house where the driveway was. To his shock, the UFO had landed in the center of the road. Says Harry, "This big ball of light is sitting there, right there on the road, right in the middle of the road. It was so close. This was the closest experience yet. It was right there."

Harry stared at the object. It was too bright to make out any detail. It appeared to be about 150 feet wide. When the object didn't go away, Harry ran back inside and started to literally shake with fear. He was sure that this time, he was definitely going to be abducted. Says Harry, "For an hour or two that night, I kept the lights out and everything, and I just kept thinking, 'Well, that thing's going to go away; it's got to leave. It's got to be out of there or somebody's going to see it. So I think I did it two or three times. I swung out the house, went around and peeked around, just barely stuck my head around the house to see if it was still there. I was like, 'Oh, wow, this is too much!' I didn't want them to come in here and know that I was here. As I said, they were following me home. They were just sitting right over there. I thought, 'Sooner or later they're going to come off that damn spaceship, and they're going to come in here and see me, just as sure as the world.'"

Finally, he peeked around the corner a third time and the UFO was gone. Harry was immensely relieved. He realized that as interested as he was in meeting the aliens, he wasn't sure if he was emotionally ready. Says Harry, "That was about the scariest yet. It was neat them following me home, like, 'Here it is, I really see them.' But when it kept following and following, it wasn't neat anymore. It wasn't funny anymore. I was just in a complete panic, just completely scared to death. My hands were shaking. My skin was sweaty."

A few nights later, Harry went out onto his back patio and looked up into the night sky. After a few minutes, he spotted one of the UFOs. Again, it was disguised as a

star, but gave itself away by flaring off small beams of light. Just as he thought, the ETs are still keeping close tabs on him.

Harry has no idea why the ETs are interested in him. He claims that in most ways he is just an average guy. Although he has no memories of being abducted or taken onboard, he knows that his missing time episode points this probability.

The only unusual thing about him, he says, is that he is unusually healthy and energetic for his age. He is in his early 70s, but most people believe he is in his late 40s. A recent physical stunned his doctor, who told him, "You have the heart of a baby."

Harry attributes his unusual good health to his ET 'buddies.' Says Harry, "I think maybe since I've had contact with these UFO people, they gave me more strength, or I have more vitality. I don't know whether that has anything to do with that. I was thinking something happened. Maybe they gave me something in my veins that caused me to be so healthy."

Harry also attributes another strange ability to his ET contacts: psychic powers. On many occasions, Harry has had what he believes are accurate visions of future events, usually disasters. He says that he has had visions of floods and tornadoes that have come true. He feels certain that one day, rising ocean levels will inundate half of the state of Florida. In another vision, he sees a major state highway packed with cars. None of the cars, however, are moving. Instead, everyone has exited their vehicles and they are walking along the highway like refugees.

Just recently Harry's mother passed away. It was only a few months before she died that she revealed an incredible secret. Harry was telling her about one of his sightings when she said, "Buzz, I didn't want to tell you this, but I followed a UFO."

Harry looked at her in shock. She continued her story, "It was about 125 feet wide. It was big and silver and oval. I followed it, and it was real low to the ground." She explained that the object stayed right in front of her car for a few miles, moving right above and to the side of the road. She finally turned off and the object kept going.

Harry said, "Mom, how come you didn't tell me? Especially because I was into UFOs this whole time. How could you have a story like that and hold it in?"

She explained that she was uncomfortable with the subject, not only because it scared her, but also because she didn't want to deal with people who were skeptical. Harry, however, felt some measure of relief. At least he wasn't alone.

Today, Harry remains in close contact with the ETs. As he says, "I'll show you the UFOs. You come over here in my backyard, or my front yard, I'll show you the UFOs. I'll let them come down and touch you. I have that ability. Anytime I want to go out there, I know where they're at, and I can see them. And I know they can come. And sometimes I'll see two or three of them...It's funny how there's a lot of people who have experiences; they just don't say anything about it. Because people think you're crazy, like, 'There's no way you saw that! There's no way that can happen to you!' I've had them here when I come out in the middle of the night. I still come out sometimes and I

watch them. They'll zoom down to me if I want them to come down. The light will just keep coming down closer and closer and closer to me...It's weird. It really is weird."

Chapter Eight: Encounter on a Navy Ship

In 1960, Jim Kuebelbeck was an ambitious young man. At age 21, he had just joined the Navy and was assigned aboard the USS Valley Forge as an aviation electronics technician. He was a helicopter crew-member of the HS-3, or the hunter-killer anti-submarine squadron. It was their job to find and track unidentified submarines. Although he was still very young, Jim was already highly trained. As he says, "In the course of our training we were constantly tested on our ability to quickly recognize types and purposes of all flying aircraft that might be encountered on the high seas or near foreign shores. For what it's worth, many of us prided ourselves on the expertise we had developed."

Jim served about one year aboard the ship. And while it was an exciting time, the most memorable event of the entire year was one particular, strange incident that occurred during their return voyage to the United States from the Mediterranean Sea. Although he didn't know it, at the time of the incident, their ship was actually cruising directly through the area of the ocean known as the Bermuda Triangle.

The ordeal began when Jim had gone up on the flight deck late one evening to enjoy the view and smoke a cigarette. He was outside for about ten minutes when he suddenly noticed a group of strange-looking bright lights in the distance off the starboard bow. There were four or five of them, bunched together randomly, seemingly on the horizon. They were reddish-orange and pulsated both in size and brightness.

As a trained observer, Jim made a few instant assessments. First of all, the objects appeared to be about thirty miles distant, as they were very near the horizon line. If his estimate of the distance was correct, then the objects themselves had to be at least a few hundred feet in diameter. He also concluded that the objects were airborne as they appeared at different elevations from each other.

It was instantly obvious to Jim that these were not normal lights. "They were the strangest lights that I have ever seen in my life. The best way that I can describe them is that the lights themselves seemed to be a pulsating, breathing, living thing. They increased in brightness from a low to a dazzlingly bright level. I watched them for some time, trying to analyze what they could be. I've never seen anything like that in my life."

Jim quickly went through the list of what they might be and discarded each one in turn. Helicopters, airplanes, weather balloons, flares, nothing fit the objects' immense size and brightness, nor the way they seemed to pulsate and hover.

After about fifteen minutes of observation, he remembered that he had purchased two pairs of brand new binoculars, which remained unopened in the locker in his squadron's electronic shop-room. He dashed down below deck to retrieve them.

As he pulled the box out of his locker and began to open it, Jim's shipmates teased him. Many of his shipmates had also bought packages and later discovered that they had been ripped off by unscrupulous merchants who would replace the

merchandise with rocks. They assumed that Jim was afraid that the same thing had happened to him. “You better open those up,” they laughed. “You probably bought some rocks!”

Jim tore open the package and pulled out two pairs of brand new 7x50 binoculars. “Has anyone seen the strange lights off the starboard bow?” he asked.

Nobody had. Jim held the binoculars up to his shipmates and said, “Come on up topside. You’ve got to take a look at this.”

Most ignored him, but four or five of his fellow shipmates followed him back up to the flight deck. When they returned topside, the weird lights were still there. The men shared the two pairs of binoculars and gazed at the lights. Most of the men were speechless with wonder. A few muttered, “What the hell are they?” or “What is going on?”

Says Jim, “We looked at them and we just couldn’t believe what we were seeing. We couldn’t. There was no way of telling what they were, but they were absolutely huge.”

With the binoculars, Jim could make out considerably more detail, but what he saw only raised more questions. He was able to see that the objects were, in fact, slightly closer than the horizon line, which put them at a distance of less than thirty-two miles. While their exact size and distance remained indeterminable without a reference point, Jim was more puzzled by the weird lights themselves. As he says, “They were huge! They pulsated and glowed slightly when not changing color. The colors started in the center and flowed outside in stages. They moved in relation to one another, were controlled, and appeared globe-like. There was no reflection on the water. They were very bright but did *not* illuminate the ship or the area where we were standing. There were *no* shadows behind us. We had plenty of time to observe them, but all we could do is speculate and guess at what they might be.”

At some point Jim and the others began to wonder if the officers up on the bridge were also observing the objects. They *had* to be aware of them, he thought. He knew that nobody was authorized to call the bridge unless it was an emergency. But as he looked at the lights, he made the decision. He told the guys to wait while he went back to the shop and called the bridge.

The bridge watch officer answered the phone. Jim asked him, “Is there something going on? What’s off the starboard side of the ship?”

The officer replied, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

"Do you see those lights off the starboard side?"

The officer replied, "I have not seen anything unusual."

Jim knew that this was impossible, and with his irritation mounting, he asked, "Let me speak to someone else on the bridge."

The officer hesitated. "I'm here alone."

Jim was dumbfounded. This was an obvious lie. The bridge *never* had only one person on him. It was an utter impossibility. He was clearly getting the runaround from the bridge crew. Disarmed, he hung up the phone and returned to the flight deck.

The lights were still there, pulsating. By this time, the men had noticed other strange effects. Says Jim, "They were unlike any lights I have ever seen before or since. When one looked away from them just a short angle, it seemed they could not be seen out of the sides of one's eyes despite their brightness. There seemed to be no peripheral vision reception on our part. They could only be seen when looking directly at them."

While nobody brought up the word *UFOs*, it was clear to everyone that the objects were unidentified and not human-made. They also appeared to be intelligently controlled. Jim looked at the lights and then back at his fellow shipmates. He decided that they all deserved a better explanation from the bridge, so he returned again below deck.

This time when he spoke to the bridge watch officer, he gave his name, rank, service number and squadron commander's name. He again mentioned the lights off the starboard side of the ship and asked, "Are you seeing what I'm seeing?"

The officer replied brusquely, "Look, we're damn busy up here. We can't talk to you now. We'll get back to you."

Jim hung up the phone and ran back up deck. By now, the crowd had grown to at least ten men. Everybody was staring at the lights, including at least four of Jim's close friends aboard the ship. At this moment, the ship made an abrupt ninety-degree turn to port. This maneuver was highly unusual and was clearly connected to whatever was happening.

The maneuver put the lights directly behind the ship. At this point, the lights disappeared. Says Jim, "Suddenly the lights randomly and slowly pulsed out, and they were gone. No burst of speed, no fiery trail, no blinding flash. They just silently disappeared. So everybody is just baffled. We couldn't believe it. We're looking at each other like, 'What in the hell is this?' We were taught to identify aircraft and that kind of stuff, but these were not aircraft."

Everyone seemed mesmerized. There was little talk about the incident. Instead they all returned below deck and to their respective stations.

That evening, Jim lay awake in his bunk thinking about the experience and what it might mean. It was a long time before he was able to fall asleep.

The next morning after he woke up, the first thing Jim thought about was last night's encounter. He got some breakfast and obtained the Valley Forge's daily newssheet, which was printed each morning. He felt confident that it would offer some mundane explanation for the spectacular sight that they had witnessed.

Says Jim, "To my surprise, it was not even mentioned! I had to fly that morning for about two hours, and all I could think about was that for the first time in my life I had no explanation for something I had witnessed. I also felt that there was something else that I just couldn't seem to put my finger on, and it just wouldn't come to me."

Unable to get the experience out of his mind, Jim decided to call the bridge again and see if he could get any information. Jim explained to the bridge officer that he had called the evening before about the unusual lights off the starboard side of the ship, and gave the time of his call.

The officer replied, "We have no record of your call. And there have been no unusual observations or entries in the log."

"May I have the name of the officer who was on watch duty? Is there a chance I can talk to him?"

"Well I don't know," the officer replied. "I'll have to get back to you."

"When can I call you back?" Jim asked.

"Call me back in a few minutes."

A few minutes later, Jim was back on the phone with the bridge of the USS Valley Forge. He again explained his request to speak with the officer who had been on duty last night, and asked if he could have the location of the officer.

The officer on the phone replied, "He's been transferred. He's off the ship. He flew off this morning on a mail plane."

Jim asked the officer the reason for the transfer. The officer replied, "He's going on leave for two weeks. He will not be returning to the ship."

Jim hung up the phone in disbelief. As he says, "Nobody, *but nobody*, is flown off an aircraft carrier at sea for the purpose of 'going on leave.'"

He returned to the shop room, frustrated and bewildered. He seemed to be the only one concerned about what had happened. Nobody else was even talking about it. Then something happened which Jim still has trouble explaining.

He swung open his locker to retrieve something. At this point, his crewmates (the same ones who had observed the UFOs with binoculars just last night) saw the open box that had contained the new binoculars. They said, "Ha, ha! Look, Kuebelbeck couldn't stand it! He just had to find out if he bought a rock."

Jim turned to them in confusion. "What?" he asked.

"You couldn't stand it," they replied. "You knew goddamn well there was a rock in that box. You just couldn't stand it, could you?"

"What the hell are you guys talking about?" Jim replied. "You were using them last night on the flight deck. What the hell are you talking about?"

The men looked at him with confused expressions. At this point, Jim got a real shock. He asked them about the sighting last night, and nobody seemed to remember. Of the ten men who had observed the strange lights, only two had any recollection whatsoever of the event. Everyone else had the event completely erased from their memories.

Says Jim, "It annoys the hell out of me to this day. Some of the guys did not remember watching these objects with my binoculars. They were not lying. They did not remember. These were some of the same individuals who had used them the night before, in an attempt to identify what we had seen. To this day I am convinced that they had lost their recollection of the events of the previous evening! It was as if it was blocked out of their memory. And to this day, that just baffles the hell out of me."

Thankfully, he found two friends who did remember the lights. All three of them were completely mystified why the other crew members couldn't or didn't remember.

Jim thought about the experience all day. "Something was still bothering me, but I didn't know what it was. As far as the lights were concerned, I concluded that even if I never was to discover what they were, it was still an experience I was glad to have had. At least no one could take that away from me. Still, there was something in the back of my mind that I couldn't put my finger on."

After completing his assigned duties, Jim had some free time before going to bed. He decided to go again on the flight deck. Who knows, he thought, maybe there will be a repeat performance. Unfortunately, the objects did not show up.

Disappointed, Jim returned to his bunk and decided that he would have to be satisfied without having any explanation for the weird events. At least, he thought, he would have an interesting story to tell his parents when he returned home.

Then, just as he was about to fall asleep, it happened: Jim had a sudden flashback to yesterday evening. Says Jim, "Just as I was dozing off, I jumped awake. I was suddenly aware of what had been bothering me all those last hours. It was my dream of the night before. I jumped up, got a pen and paper, and started to write everything I could remember. It had all been so real, and when it came back, it was so vivid that I remembered every detail and every word."

This dream was unlike any other dream Jim has had before or since. He now speculates that the ETs were attempting to make contact, and decided to do it through the dream state. Or perhaps it was the memory of an actual encounter. What follows is Jim's recollection of his "dream" as he wrote it down word-for-word:

"The 'dream' started by finding myself sitting with a group of older men, civilians, being asked what qualifications I had that allowed me to be there. I remember thinking that I had better pull a pretty good bluff because if I didn't, they would dismiss me, and from the formulas on the blackboard I knew that the discussion about to start was one I didn't want to miss. I felt like a spy.

"I quickly said that my greatest qualifications were that I think and dream about things that have not been dreamed of. If they had no room for that type of thinking, I said, I would be glad to leave.

"I held my breath, fearing that I had been discovered, but I was told to stay. I sat down. I felt good. At least sitting down, they couldn't see my knees knocking! I had pulled it off. Now maybe I would find out what was going to be discussed before they discovered an imposter in their midst. I knew that either way, no matter what happened, I'd have one hell of a good story to tell sometime to a couple of guys in the squadron over a few beers.

"Only then did I realize that these men were actually *civilians*! Suddenly I wondered how I got there. Before I could stand up and leave, someone said, 'Can you elaborate, Mr. Kuebelbeck?'

"Elaborate? I thought. I don't even know what I'm doing here, and they want me to elaborate?! I was trapped, and they even knew my name. I remembered a discussion I had recently had with crew members, so I started to repeat it.

"I began, 'If it had not been for the discovery of gasoline and the invention of the internal combustion engine, would the world be much different than it is today? Would we not have automobiles or locomotives or aircraft or other powered craft? We most certainly *would* because all inventions have been generated by need. The need existed to improve upon animal-drawn carts, and man has been endowed with the ability to improve upon anything. The steam-engine was just one step up, as was the gasoline engine, diesel engine, reciprocating aircraft engine, jet engine, electric motor, and so on. If none of these portable types of power sources had been discovered or invented, other sources of power would have been. Invention is the result of need. These other possible power sources might have been far superior to anything that has been invented. But man is slow to evolve, and instead of searching for superior discoveries, he strives to improve upon only what his fellow man has invented. Rather than dream, he accepts what already exists. If only man were taught to think for himself and learn to dream, his dreams could become reality. What man is capable of envisioning, even in abstract ways, can become concrete reality. Man is only limited by his own self-imposed limitations.'

“This was me speaking?! One of the group said, ‘But you are also limiting yourself in many ways by the very laws you adhere to.’

“‘Well,’ I replied, ‘If you’re talking about power sources, there are obvious limitations. There is nothing in nature that is free. Everything in life is a trade-off. In chemistry or electricity or in anything else, everything is in balance, or strives to be.’

“‘Unless it is a gift,’ they countered.

“‘Like what?’ I asked.

“‘Like a stream that turns a water wheel,’ they said. ‘Much more energy is expended by the water than can be recovered by the work of the water wheel, but it doesn’t matter because there is more available for free.’

“‘So,’ I said, ‘If there were floating streams everywhere, we’d have no problems. But such is not the case.’

“They said I was contradicting myself already. I had just said that if other power sources had not been invented, then others would have been found. ‘You have momentum. There is the sun. Magnetism. Centrifugal force. There are an endless number of forces. Do not limit yourself by what you have been told. Such limitations are negative in nature. If you think something will work, it will work.’

“I replied, ‘If that were true, then all things are possible. But to change man’s concept of limitations would take thousands of years. Many of the people I’ve met can hardly handle intelligent discussion, and now you say they have to change their thinking!’

“‘You can do your part. Everyone can change the world in some way. Everything affects everything. Remember that. So it’s a slow process. It makes no difference. Five minutes is like 5000 years.’

“‘So I should invent a power source and change man’s thinking? Ha!’

“If you desire it, you can do it. What you have to do, you will do. You will have other priorities for a time, but you will know when the time is right. The only limitations mankind has is what he has created in his mind,’ they continued. ‘His negative limitations and restrictions have been created by his own thought processes. There are some acceptable trade-offs. Gifts from God are boundless and limitless, never-ending. They can be used as power sources to generate whatever energy sources man desires or needs in any stage of evolution. The very problems you are talking about can be eliminated, and the very concepts you desire, you can achieve. Any problem you can visualize can also be non-visualized. Solve the problems as they arise. If man changes his concept of limitations, there will be no limitations. It’s that simple.’

“Suddenly I remembered once again that these people were civilians and that I was in the Navy. I was in civilian clothes, and I wondered where I was and how I was going to get back to the squadron. I felt as if I was about to be discovered when one of the speakers opened a door and said, ‘Look this over before you leave.’

"Without remembering getting up, I found myself immediately in the adjoining room with two men (in white coats, no less) standing next to a prototype of a vaguely familiar, experimental engine/motor. I suddenly remembered that in dreams I had had previously, I had discussed this concept of an invention. It also occurred to me that for some reason I had *never* remembered it upon awakening. Anyway, this invention was sitting there on the floor. 'But it's not connected to anything,' I protested.

"'All you need is the concept,' I was told. 'You will do the rest. You mention friction, inertia and momentum as problems when in reality they may be assets. If man would use these forces to his advantage, he could invent a power source of which you speak. We also know that you once entertained the thought that everything that exists might simply be a concrete manifestation of creative thought. God has given all creation to mankind. Everything man needs is at his disposal, if only he seeks to use it."

That was all Jim was able to remember. His mind swirled with all the strange ideas and concepts in the dream. As a scientist and electronics expert, the concept of the energy-free motor that he had been shown in the dream particularly intrigued him. However, life aboard the ship was busy and he was soon back to his old routine. The next few months passed quickly and before he knew it, he and his friends were being discharged from the Navy and sent home.

The last subject they discussed together was the strange lights they had seen. They all agreed that the lights were definitely unexplained. None could account for why they were the only ones to remember the encounter. At the last second, one of Jim's friends pulled him aside and said, "I will never forget those lights, but you know, I sure had some weird dreams for a few nights after that!"

Jim looked at him in amazement. He had told nobody about his own dream. He wondered what his friend's dream was, and if it was like his. Unfortunately, in the rush of their goodbyes, he forgot to ask, and they departed, never to meet again.

Jim later returned to home with his parents. At first he had been eager to tell them about his weird sighting. Now, however, he felt a strange desire to keep the whole experience a secret. In fact, he told no one.

The years passed. Jim moved to Minnesota, found employment, met his wife, married, had kids. From time to time, whenever he would relax and look at the starry night sky, he would think back and remember the night of that bizarre UFO sighting. But especially, he would think about the incredible dream, and in particular, the alleged energy-free motor. He often wondered if it was possible to build such a device. The people in his dream certainly seemed to think that he could.

One day he decided he could keep his secret no longer. He approached his wife and children and revealed the whole story, from the sighting, to the cover-up of the

incident by the bridge officer, to the amnesia of his fellow shipmates, and finally the vivid "dream" encounter.

Jim was relieved to find that not only did his family believe him, they encouraged him to pursue and follow the instructions he had received. Jim hesitated, telling them that the idea was probably not feasible.

But his family believed in him, and advised him to at least draw a rough sketch of the device.

For the first time, Jim thought seriously about the project. The machine would be relatively inexpensive and easy to build. It had few moving parts, no piston-motion, no fossil fuels. Nor would it create any noise or air pollution. He decided to go for it.

As he says, "I decided that at the very least I could try to find out if what I had been thinking about had any merit. Maybe then I would be satisfied and would be able to forget it. So I went out and I purchased some parts and I began my 'dream project.' I felt like a mad scientist as I collected all my junk parts in my garage, being careful that no one saw me!"

Over a period of a few months, using parts that can be found in any hardware store, Jim slowly built the device that he had envisioned in his "dream." Before long, the machine was completed. But would it work?

Says Jim, "Some weeks later, I had the crudest, weirdest bicycle wheel you've ever seen, mounted on a board in my workshop. And damn it all, it was *turning*! My contact switches, acquired from an old pinball machine, left much to be desired. But still the damn wheel turned...*click, click, click*...for days on end. My daughters were impressed. But what next? Much research. I had to gain RPM [revolutions per minute] to thousands. Maybe it can't be done. I'm sure an electronics engineer would get one hell of a laugh out of what I had put together! Nevertheless, the concept is there. My concept seems plausible--if not in my lifetime, maybe someone else's. Maybe it can't work with the technology available today, but the concept so intrigues me that maybe, 'If what one can envision can indeed become a reality at some point in time,' my sharing it with someone will someday have some benefit."

For now, the invention has been put away. Today Jim lives quietly with his wife. Although he didn't know it at the time, his 1960 UFO encounter had far-reaching consequences. He became much more open-minded and spiritual. He also felt that the experience allowed him to tap into hidden abilities. For example, he is now self-employed as a water-dowser, and has successfully located more than 4000 water sources for contractors and developers across the state of Minnesota. Again, he feels that it was his encounter that made him "more aware of what I was able to do."

Jim only came forward with his story because he felt that it was important to have it recorded for posterity. He's not interested in trying to prove anything to anybody. He felt that the truth should be told. As he says, "I just never shared this with anyone, because nobody wants to be ridiculed. But I know what I saw. The sighting of the lights, and the dream, happened just as I said it did."

Chapter Nine: A Nine-Foot-Tall Alien with Orange Hair

As she looked down on her third child--a beautiful newborn baby boy--Jill Wheeler (pseudonym) was delighted. Her life was turning out exactly as she had envisioned it. She had a loving husband, three wonderful children, and a beautiful home in the suburbs of a small town in Nebraska. She and her husband had both wanted their children to be raised by a stay-at-home parent, and Jill happily volunteered. She very much enjoyed her job as a housewife and mother. She certainly had nothing to complain about.

Of course, raising three children wasn't always easy. Currently, her only real challenge was finding enough energy to get everything done. It seemed like lately she just couldn't summon the strength to do all her chores. Something was wrong with her, but what?

At first she passed it off as a weight problem. During her recent pregnancy, she had gained perhaps a little too much weight and was approaching 200 pounds. However, as time went on, she began to feel weaker and weaker. After a few months, it became apparent that there was definitely something wrong. Morning, afternoon and evening, she was always just so tired. With a twinge of fear, she wondered if she might be developing diabetes. Her grandfather, she knew, had actually died of the disease. She decided to go to the doctor.

The doctors recorded her symptoms, then ran a multitude of various tests. The tests came back; each one was normal. Jill's hormone levels and blood counts all fell within normal healthy range. She also tested negative for diabetes and other related disorders.

The doctors sent her home. Meanwhile, her condition rapidly worsened. Jill soon discovered a pattern to her mysterious illness. Shortly after she would eat, she would experience a strong burst of energy, and then would nearly collapse.

She figured it had something to do with blood sugar. Her theory seemed confirmed when she made another discovery. Whenever she felt herself feeling suddenly tired she would drink a glass of milk or eat something with sugar, and she would quickly revive.

Still, her condition continued to deteriorate. She began to lose weight rapidly. She learned to carry around a bottle of orange juice and a snack with her wherever she went. Despite this, she was passing out almost every three or four hours.

She returned to the doctors several times, but each time, her tests came back normal. After three years of this, she had lost eighty pounds. She had now reached the point where she was afraid to even eat.

She began researching her symptoms on her own and finally decided that what she had was hypoglycemia. She returned to the doctors. They told her that she was very sick, and that was deficient in most of the major vitamins and minerals necessary for

survival. She told them that she believed that her problem was hypoglycemia. Unfortunately, the doctors were not receptive.

Jill was sent home. By now, she was beginning to panic. She had first developed symptoms in 1992. It was now 1995 and it didn't look like she could last much longer. As she says, "By the end of the three years, I was afraid to eat. I was just at my wit's end. I was at the end of my rope. I was very, very, very sick."

Then one night in 1995, Jill had a bizarre experience that would profoundly alter the course of her illness and her life. One year earlier, Jill had asked her husband if he wouldn't mind sleeping on the living room couch. He had a problem with snoring and Jill was suffering from insomnia. Unfortunately, this left Jill alone in her bedroom, and by this point, she was so sick that she was becoming afraid to be alone.

On this evening, her husband had fallen asleep on the couch early in the evening. She put the kids to bed and then went into the kitchen to get her bottle of orange juice and some protein--in this case, a peanut-butter sandwich.

Afraid that she might just pass out and die, she had started sleeping on the floor next to the couch. She walked out of the kitchen and walked towards the living room. That's when "it" happened. Says Jill, "I was heading for the little blanket that I made next to him on the floor. And the next thing I knew, I was not in my house."

Looking around, Jill found herself inside of an enormous stadium-sized room with a high, domed, white ceiling. Her first impression was the sheer size of the place. "It was like inside a domed stadium," explains Jill, "that kind of roof. It was all white, and it had backlighting in there. The walls were all lit up and light was coming down from the ceiling, but you couldn't see the light fixtures. It was just all lit up. And it was huge, just humungous. All throughout the whole place, as far as I could see from where I was sitting, were cubicles--aisles and aisles of cubicles, like you'd find if you walked into a bank or a business."

The cubicles were blue and appeared to be ordinary. The floor itself was carpeted with a tough industrial-type carpet, common in many business offices. Jill continued to look around her and try to orient herself. As she says, "So I was sitting there and I began to notice what was in my immediate area. I was inside a cubicle and I was sitting on a long, steel table like you'd find in any doctor's office. I was wondering, *What the heck am I doing here? What is this?* And I looked up. Across the aisle from me in another cubicle was sitting a man. He had on a plaid shirt, blue jeans, a belt, and those thick-soled work boots. He looked about my age, which would have been about thirty-five. He looked at me, and I looked at him. And he was completely human-looking.

"I had no idea at this point that I was anywhere other than a human place, but I didn't know where I was. I had never been in a place like that, that I knew of. And I didn't know how I got there. I was just really confused."

Jill looked back at the man. He looked back at her and then spoke. "Hello," he said. "How are you doing?"

"Okay, I guess."

"My name's Cooper," he offered.

"Jill," she returned.

The two started to exchange small talk. For the next few minutes, they spoke of any mundane subject except about where they were or what was happening to them. Jill felt like she was in a doctor's office and was doing her best to remain comfortable in a very uncomfortable situation. At the same time, she felt a rising level of panic.

What happened next caused her even more concern. Says Jill, "Suddenly, as we were talking, he got this glazed look in his eyes, and he slumped over to his right. I could tell that he was still conscious and he was seeing me, but he couldn't move. And I thought, *What the heck is wrong with him?*"

The man had a very confused look in his eyes, and Jill could see that he was also wondering what was happening. At this point, Jill heard a noise. She looked to her right and received an incredible emotional shock. Striding directly toward her with a commanding air of authority was an eight or nine-foot-tall figure.

Jill opened her mouth and screamed in terror. Says Jill, "I thought that it was a human being, a very tall, very well-developed human being, until it got close enough for me to see its face. Then I knew it wasn't a human being. It had a cape on. It had on clothing that was tight. I can't remember the material; I just remember that I could definitely see its muscles through its clothing. It had a belt on. And as it got closer, I saw the face, and it was huge. Its forehead was way, *way* too high to have been a human being. And its hair was bright orange and sticking straight up about two inches. It was kind of like thin straw or wheat in texture. There was something about his chin too; it was way too big and way too broad. And that's when I realized, something was really, really wrong. And at that point I knew that it just wasn't human."

Jill found herself screaming in uncontrollable terror. A quick glance at Cooper showed that he was still paralyzed. Jill vaguely noticed several other figures. They appeared to be human-looking males dressed in normal slacks and dress-shirts. Her attention, however, was mostly riveted by the nine-foot-tall figure that had entered her cubicle.

Jill never felt such overwhelming terror before. “I was terrified. I was horrified. I thought this thing was coming to kill me. He was just a few feet from me and I was screaming and screaming and screaming. I thought I was going to die. I’ve never been so terrified in all my life.”

The being stepped forward, and Jill automatically lay back on the table. The being then took off his cape and wrapped it tightly around her body. Suddenly, she was completely unable to move.

For the first time she noticed a tray with several strange instruments on it. The tall being also held what looked like a doctor’s bag. The being looked Jill directly in the eyes and said, “Okay, it’s your turn now, Jill.”

Jill felt a cold chill. As she says, “He didn’t say it in a caring, kind, compassionate way. He didn’t say it in a mean, cruel, evil way. He just said it like he was talking to a lab rat.”

The alien then took two small, silver-colored, bell-shaped objects and placed them inside the cape on Jill’s body. He placed one underneath her right side, below her ribcage, near the pancreas and liver. Next he lifted her up slightly, and slid the other bell-shaped object underneath her left side, near the kidney and adrenal glands.

Suddenly she felt a strange vibration or force coming from the bell-shaped objects and entering into her body. It felt like waves of energy were flowing into her body. This only made her more terrified and she screamed in abject fear. Although she wasn’t religious, she thought about saying the Lord’s Prayer, but she was too scared to even remember it.

Instead she lay there, screaming with a kind of visceral fear that felt almost physical. She could hear herself screaming, but was powerless to stop it.

Suddenly, she found herself standing in the middle of her living room. She was still terrified, but she was no longer screaming. She looked around her in shock: *she was back!* What had just happened? She felt her arms and legs. She was breathless and trembling, but otherwise all right. *Oh, no, the kids!* She ran into their bedrooms. They were all sound asleep.

She ran back into the living room and tried to wake up her husband. Strangely, however, he would not wake up. Says Jill, “I shook him and shook him and shook him. I called his name, everything.”

What was going on? Jill wondered. She felt a rising panic. Again, although she wasn’t religious, she found herself praying intensely. She ran from room to room, chanting a garbled version of the Lord’s Prayer, and making the sign of the cross over each of her children and then her husband.

Then she kneeled down again and shook her husband, calling his name. This time he woke up. “Why wouldn’t you wake up?” she cried. “I just tried to wake you up, and you wouldn’t wake up!”

Her husband looked at her groggily. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She tearfully explained what had just happened. He looked at her in shock. Jill could tell by his expression that he was at a complete loss of words. He had no idea what to say. He told her that he loved her, but he had no idea how to react to such a story.

Jill herself was equally puzzled, if not more so. She was certain that the experience wasn’t a dream. She was never asleep, nor did she ever lose consciousness. She wasn’t overly tired at the time. It was as if, one second she was home, and the next second, she was somewhere *else*. And how she was returned was equally baffling. Not to mention the fact that she couldn’t wake up her husband afterwards.

They talked about the experience for a little while, and then Jill lay back down next to the couch and fell back asleep.

The next day started normally. Jill made sure the kids got up on time. She made breakfast, sent the kids off to school and began her daily house-cleaning duties. It wasn’t long, however, before she discovered that her abdomen and back were both extremely sore and sensitive. She reached down and touched the areas, which were both painful and tender to the touch.

She examined her body but there were no markings or visible indications of anything unusual. The sorest areas, Jill noticed, were exactly where the orange-haired being had placed the bell-shaped objects. Otherwise, she felt pretty good.

The day passed uneventfully except for one other minor event. “The night after it happened,” says Jill, “I was putting my son to bed. He was three years old then. He looked outside the window; it was right above his head. And he looked at the moon and he said, ‘Mommy, I went on a ship to the moon last night.’”

Jill looked at him with amazement. “You did, honey? Where did you go?”

“Went on ship! Went on ship!” he repeatedly excitedly, and pointed to the moon.

“You did? When?”

“Last night,” he replied.

The answer left Jill speechless. As she says, “I didn’t ask him anything else. I was horrified.”

The next few days passed quickly, and Jill was happy to put the strange experience behind her. The soreness in her side was slowly subsiding. Whatever had happened to her, it didn’t appear to have left her permanently harmed. In fact, now that she thought about it, she was feeling better than she had in a long, long time. And looking back over the last few days, she had a sudden profound revelation: she hadn’t gotten sick once!

Normally, she would become so tired that she’d nearly pass out after each meal. However, ever since the experience, she hadn’t lost consciousness once.

After ten days, the soreness in her body had completely healed. Her weight had stabilized and all traces of her hypoglycemia-like illness were gone. She had been healed. She had been healed, but by what...*aliens*?

Her mind raced with hundreds of unanswerable questions. Says Jill, "At the end of that week, when I finally realized, 'What's going on here? I'm not getting sick anymore!' I connected it to what had happened that night. And at that point I began to wonder, who was that? And why me? Why would they come and heal me? Over the next month or so I began to lose a little bit of the fear and get a great curiosity. They hadn't hurt me. They had fixed me. I still did not feel any warm, fuzzy feelings towards them because that's not the impression they gave me. I was a lab rat; that's what I felt like. I don't know what I am to them. Why would they come and heal me like that? I don't know. I really have no idea, and I would like to know why."

While the reason for the healing encounter mystified Jill, she couldn't help but connect the event back to another encounter that occurred much, much earlier, way back in 1965, when Jill was only five years old.

At the time, her parents lived in a student-housing apartment in Carbondale, Illinois. Her younger sister was two years old. During the hot summer months, Jill's mom had decided to place aluminum foil on the windows to keep the house cool. It was an effective solution, and the house stayed much cooler.

One evening Jill woke up because her legs were hurting again. She was going through a growth spurt and was experiencing growth pains in her legs. Usually her dad would massage her legs to help relieve the pain. On this evening, Jill walked out into the living room to look for her father. Unfortunately, it was too late and he was already in bed.

She was about to return to bed when suddenly a strange feeling overcame her. It was an uncomfortable feeling of pending doom, as if something was about to happen that she didn't like, or someone was watching, coming.

Jill crawled underneath the couch and peered out into the living room. She literally could not believe eyes. Says Jill, "This is going to sound really stupid, but I looked across to the opposite wall and I saw this line of teddy bear-looking things coming through the wall. There were maybe five or six of them. They literally looked like teddy bears when they came through the wall. Anyway, they knew where I was. I remember hearing in my head, "Come out." So I came out, and they put me in front of them, and we marched down the hallway where I crawled back into my crib."

Once she was in bed, Jill looked back at the teddy bears and suddenly their appearance was very different. Says Jill, "They had changed. They no longer looked like teddy bears. There was one who was maybe five feet tall. And he looked like what I guess you would call a gray, only taller. He was skinny, spindly, had a big head, big eyes. The other ones were smaller than he was."

The tall gray was in charge. He bent over Jill's crib and using telepathy, he asked her a question. "He demanded to know why the aluminum foil was up on my window," says Jill. "I told him it was because my mother put it up there to keep the heat out from the sun. And he did not accept that explanation. And he asked me again, and I told him again. And he still didn't accept it. And he looked at me, and he asked me *again*. And I told him again, and by then I was getting a little scared and a little irritated. And finally the third or fourth time I told him, he looked at me for a couple of seconds, went, "uh-huh," and then he turned around and went back to whatever they were doing in the middle of the room."

The being gave Jill the strong impression of being concerned, disbelieving and even angry about the aluminum foil having been placed over the windows.

Meanwhile, in the center of the room, the smaller beings had set up a pedestal, on top of which was a small black box. They all surrounded the box and appeared to be working intently with it. The tall being then turned to Jill and asked her to get some water.

Jill climbed out of bed, went into the bathroom and, using the bathtub pail, returned to her bedroom with some water. The tall being took the pail of water, turned around and worked with the black box--Jill couldn't see what they were doing--and then asked her for another re-fill. "So I went to go get some more water," explains Jill, "and this happened at least ten times. Finally I was so tired of crawling in and out of bed, going to get the water, taking it back and giving it to him, doing it over and over and over--that the last time he asked me to do it, I sat in the middle of my crib and I said, 'No, I'm not going to do it! I'm tired!' And he looked at me with these eyes that you could not believe. It was just an intense kind of looking-right-through-me. I could feel that he was looking into my mind, to see if that was true, if that's how I really felt. He did that for a short amount of time, then he kind of withdrew whatever was coming out of his eyes to look into me with. It wasn't anything physical; I could just feel that he was looking in there. So he seemed to accept it, and he turned back around and went back to what they were doing."

A few moments later, the beings packed up their equipment, exited Jill's room, and moved down the hallway to her parents' room. At this point, Jill's memory of the event ends. All she can recall is being relieved that the beings had finally left."

Although she was only five years old, Jill knew enough to know that what had occurred to her was very bizarre. Yet at the time, she didn't really interpret it or analyze the experience. Instead, she just filed it in the back of her mind and didn't think about it.

Instead, her life became consumed by another mystery. Not long after her encounter, Jill was diagnosed with tuberculosis. The news came as a complete shock,

particularly because at that age, Jill had never come into contact with anyone who had the disease. Fortunately, it was a mild case, and treatable with medication. Still, the health department was forced to conduct a thorough investigation. Everyone Jill had ever contacted was informed of her condition. Despite extensive searching, the source of the infection was never found. Jill needed to take one pill once a day for a year to eradicate the illness. In addition, she needed to have chest x-rays taken once a year to make sure that the tuberculosis has remained dormant.

Thankfully, the medication worked. While she still tested positive for the disease, she was neither sick nor contagious. She was luckily able to live the life of a normal child.

Jill's next encounter occurred four years later, in 1969. She was nine years old. Although she can't remember many details, it would be the start of a three-years-long series of visitations, during which Jill was apparently taught "secret knowledge" by the extraterrestrials. Says Jill, "That night, I remember *something* came and got me out of my bed. And it was not unpleasant. And whatever it was, it told me things. I learned things. And I don't remember what they were, but I remember that they were just amazing to me. They were just, *wow!* I thought they were so important. And this went on for a while."

The extraterrestrials told her that they were ready to contact her anytime that she was ready, and that all she had to do was make the proper signal. They then showed her exactly what to do. Says Jill, "I was to make a signal with a little blanket that I had. They actually asked me to make this signal with this blanket, to fold it at the bottom of my bed if it was all right to come and take me that night. If not, then I wasn't to put the blanket there. So I would put the blanket there maybe every few days, something like that."

While this experience occurred literally hundreds of times, Jill found that her memory was *always* blocked. She tried numerous methods to overcome her amnesia, but was never able to succeed. Says Jill, "I would go somewhere, and I know I did. I *know* I did. And I know that I was taught things. And I know that they were really, really important. I felt it was really important at that time. It was not scary. It wasn't evil. I enjoyed it. And it was so important to me that when I got back I would try to write something down, some phrase that would help me remember what I had just learned. I started to keep a paper and pencil next to my bed, and as soon as I put the pencil on the

paper, I would get maybe a couple of letters out and the whole thing would be gone from my mind. And I would sit there, frustrated, just, 'Oh, my god! I can't believe this!' And I tried night after night, every time it happened. I tried *so* hard. It got so that as soon as I realized I was back in my bed, I would grab the pencil and paper that very second. As soon as the pencil hit the paper, it would just go *poof!* gone, completely out of my head."

Finally, after nearly three years of trying, Jill did finally recall at least part of one encounter. All she was able to retrieve was a short message. It turned out to be one of the most profound encounters of the entire series. Says Jill, "The last one of those that I remember was, I remember being told that when I was about twelve years old, I would forget everything. I would not have this experience anymore, and I would forget about what I had been taught. Later on, it would be restored. And sure enough, when I was twelve, it stopped happening and I forgot about it."

It was also around this time that Jill had her first UFO sighting. It was 1972, and her family had just moved from Illinois to Nebraska. She made friends with a neighborhood girl. One day, she invited her friend over to spend the night. At around 9:00 o'clock in the evening, the two girls decided to go outside, lay back on the tailgate of the family station wagon, and watch the stars.

It was a warm clear evening, and the moon was shining brightly. Jill noticed it first: a dark, triangular-shaped object, with lights rotating around the circumference, off in the distance and heading directly towards them. Within a few seconds, the object was directly overhead. Says Jill, "It was so big that it blocked out the moon, it blocked out the stars, and it was moving very, very slowly. It didn't make a sound at all."

The object appeared to be only a few hundred feet high. Jill and her friend stared at the object with amazement. Moments later, the object continued on its path and disappeared into the distance. Instead of being excited and telling everybody about their incredible encounter, both Jill and her friend felt strangely sedated. Says Jill, "We didn't really talk too much about it. We kind of said, 'What's that?' And we watched it. And that's about all we said, which is kind of strange if you think about it."

Neither of the girls told anyone about the encounter, which was quickly forgotten.

With the ET influence gone from her life, and all memory of it effectively hidden away, Jill's life continued as normal. She went to school, spent time with friends, started dating boys. She worked a few retail/clerk-type jobs. She found the man she wanted to marry. They became married, bought their own home, and before long, their first child was born. In 1980, when she was twenty years old, she gave birth to her second child.

Six months later, Jill went in for her annual chest x-ray. She had been having these x-rays for fifteen years, and each one had come back normal. This latest x-ray, however, showed something very unusual. Says Jill, "The next day I got a call from the doctor, and not to be alarmed, but they had found something in my lung and they don't know what it is. I had a six-month-old baby! My husband and I were pretty alarmed. We thought, 'Cancer? Tuberculosis? What is it?' And the doctor said he had no idea; he couldn't even give me a guess. So we went in and we sat down in his office. And he showed me that I have a metal ring--like a key-chain--in my left lung. He didn't know what it was. He knew it was metallic. He didn't know where it came from, or how it could have possibly gotten in there. I mean, we talked about every possibility there could be. I had never had any kind of surgery other than tonsils. There's no way I could have inhaled something that big. I mean, I think I would remember! It was fairly large."

Jill asked her doctor, "Well, are you going to go in and take it out?"

The doctor replied, "No, what we are going to do is watch it. What I want you to do is come in every three months for the next year, and we will take x-rays, and we will see if anything is developing around it or if there are any abnormalities."

Jill was shocked. But as her health seemed fine, she heeded her doctor's advice. Over the next few months she returned for a follow-up examination and x-rays. Each of the series of x-rays showed a mild progressive growth of tissue surrounding the mysterious ring-shaped object. Fortunately, however, there has never been any inflammation, infection or foreign-body reaction.

Jill remained extremely puzzled about the presence of a metallic ring in her lung. However, in another way, it seemed easier to just not think about it. She did later obtain copies of the x-rays, which she put away in a safe place. However, at the time it was just something strange and mysterious that she tried not to worry about.

The technique seemed to work and Jill's life continued happily. For fifteen years, her life had been free of UFOs. Then in 1992, after giving birth to her third child, she developed severe hypoglycemia. Three years later, in 1995, she had the single most bizarre experience of her life--an encounter with a nine-foot-tall, orange-haired, humanoid extraterrestrial who apparently healed her of her illness.

It was this latest encounter that finally forced Jill to confront the reality of her situation: something very strange was happening to her. There seemed to be no other explanation: she was a UFO abductee and apparently had been her entire life. As she examined her life history, she could see that it was true. She recalled her experiences at age five, and also the series of encounters from age nine to twelve. Then there were her mysterious medical symptoms, topped off with this latest healing encounter.

Another incident also came to mind. From as long as she could remember, there has been one part of Jill's body that has always been excruciating even to touch: the top inside edge of her nostrils, at the very inside tip of her nose. At some point in her life, a little lump appeared there. By accident or how, she has no idea. Nothing was visible to

the naked eye, but from the moment it appeared, she learned not to touch it. It was simply too sensitive.

She never thought much about it until one day in 1992, not long before her hypoglycemia began. Says Jill, "I had just finished changing my son's diaper, and I stood up. And as I stood up, this *thing* fell out of my nose and into my hand. I looked at it, and it looked like a spool of thread--the spool the thread is on--except really, really tiny, like the size of a half grain of rice. It was about that size and it was white."

The object was clearly not normal, and appeared to be an artificial construction. Jill thought to herself, "I must have had some sort of accident." Without thinking, she turned her hand over and threw the tiny object on the carpet. A few minutes later, she realized what she had done. Curious again about what came out of her nose, she got down on her hands and knees and searched for it. Unfortunately, she was never able to find it. She now speculates that it may have disintegrated.

Whatever the case, the lump in her nose disappeared, and with it, so did Jill's pain. No longer was the inside tip of her nose excruciating to the touch. Unfortunately, now she had to deal with her worsening hypoglycemia, and then came her 1995 encounter.

A few months after her 1995 encounter, another incident occurred which cemented Jill's resolve to learn more about what is happening to her. Her fifteen-year-old daughter wanted to visit a friend in Missouri. Jill agreed to go if Jill's friend, David (pseudonym) would accompany them and do the driving. Although it was a long drive, David happily agreed.

The drive was successful. They dropped off Jill's daughter and began the return trip. It was afternoon and they were half-way back to their destination when Jill became overcome by a strange, powerful and also familiar sensation. It was the feeling she felt years earlier, at age five, shortly before her very first encounter--a feeling of impending doom.

Says Jill, "All of a sudden, I had this feeling, like he needed to pull off the road because something very, very bad was going to happen."

Jill turned to David and said, "You need to pull off the road."

"Why?" he asked. "Do you need to go the bathroom?"

"No," she replied.

"Well, I'm not pulling over."

"Okay," Jill said. What could she tell him? She didn't understand the feeling herself. Says Jill, "I tried to ignore the feeling. It would go away, and then it would come back. And each time it came back, I felt worse and worse. The third time I tried to ignore it, it actually was going to make me throw up."

Jill turned to David, "You've got to pull off the road *right now!* Get off at the very next exit! Do it right now!"

Seeing that she was serious, David pulled off at the nearest exit and into a small truck-stop. He turned to Jill, "Okay, now what?"

Jill looked back at him. Suddenly, the sick feeling of impending doom was completely and totally gone. She looked at David with embarrassment. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just had a really, really, really bad feeling that you had to pull off the road right *now.*"

David looked at her like she was crazy. Jill could only apologize and beg forgiveness. Now that her sick feeling was gone, there seemed no reason to wait around. They got back onto the highway and resumed their journey. No sooner had they began when Jill noticed a large, metallic, round object, hovering up and ahead of them to the left. It was clearly not a helicopter, plane or balloon. As they got closer--within only a few thousand feet--it became obvious that they were seeing a genuine UFO.

Jill shouted out, "Oh, my God, look! Look up in the sky."

David completely ignored her. "What's the matter with you? Look up in the sky!" she repeated.

"I'm *not* going to look," David replied tersely.

Jill was dumbfounded. She told him again, "Look at that thing there. It's just hanging in the air floating. Don't you see that silver thing there floating? Look!"

"I'm not going to look!" he replied angrily.

"Why? *Why* aren't you going to look?" Jill pleaded. She was afraid the UFO was about to disappear and she wanted another witness.

"I'm not looking!" David shouted, now thoroughly incensed.

Jill, however, was also becoming concerned. Her friend had never behaved this way before. Normally he was very mild-mannered and kind. Something was very wrong. "What is the matter with you? Hurry up and look! It's going to be gone! Can't you just look and tell me what you think it is?"

Jill and David were now having a full-blown argument. "I'm not looking!" he shouted. "Stop asking me to look!"

Confounded, Jill continued to watch the object by herself. As she says, "I couldn't understand why he was angry, or why he wouldn't look. So I was looking at it. And as I watched it, it just went *zoom!* And disappeared off into the distance, and I mean fast."

After it was gone, she turned to David and said, “Well, now it’s gone. What’s the matter with you? Why wouldn’t you look at it?”

David replied, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Jill respected his wishes, and the subject was never brought up again. David died a few years later, taking his secret with him.

Jill, however, was now on a quest to learn more about her strange situation. She began to read books, listen to radio programs, surf the web--anything that might give her some helpful information. While she did find other people who had experienced similar encounters, she was never able to find anyone else who had encountered the same type of nine-foot-tall orange-haired being.

Otherwise, her experiences seemed pretty typical. She read about screen memories, and decided that the teddy bear-type figures she had encountered fit that pattern. Accounts involving a strange black box were not hard to find. She even discovered another case involving ETs who were disturbed by the presence of aluminum foil.

While she had some answers, the overall syndrome still remained a mystery. Whatever the explanation, the UFO phenomenon was a part of her life.

It wasn’t very long before she was again reminded of this fact. The year was 2003. Jill had gone to bed as normal. Sometime in the middle of the night, she woke up to realize that she was no longer in bed. Instead, she found herself in a strange and yet familiar place. It looked very much like the area she had been taken during her 1995 experience.

Says Jill, “I was in the same kind of place, with this domed, white-walled kind of area. I was walking down a black, rubber runner-rug. I came to the end of this long table, and there were these not-quite-human-looking beings sitting at the table, maybe four on each side. They had light colored, kind of thin hair down to shoulder length. They had on light colored clothes. I didn’t know who they were or why I was there. It felt very real, and I was just waiting, I didn’t know for what. I assumed there was something they wanted me there for. And they said something about this child being very intelligent. I thought they were talking about my son, because he is intelligent. And I said, ‘Well, what do you expect? He’s got the Wheeler genes.’ And as soon as I said that, these beings turned and looked at me with such a pitying expression, like, ‘You think *that* is intelligent?’ It was like these people considered that kind of intelligence to be the intelligence of an animal, like a dog. It was that kind of patronizing, withering, pitiful look.”

At this point, one of the beings stood up and led her out of the room and into the adjacent room. She first noticed the floor, which looked like hard plastic with a raised circle pattern. It reminded her of a giant bathmat. The being escorted her to the center of the room, where there was a large table or platform. On the platform, there was a little girl, about five years old. The being told Jill, "This is your child."

Says Jill, "I walked up to the platform and the little girl, and I looked at her. She did not look any different from a normal human child except she was kind of frail-looking. She didn't look like my kids, for instance, who are very strong and robust. She looked frail and kind of pale. She had really fine, stringy white-colored hair. Her face didn't look any different than a human face, except there was something about her eyes. They were a little bit bigger and they were blue."

Jill's memory is a bit hazy at this point. She remembers becoming emotional, and she asked to hug the child. The two of them embraced. At this point, Jill said, "Why don't you come home with me?"

"No, I belong here," the child replied.

Jill felt an enormous wave of love and sadness, and yet at the same time, she understood. She turned around and began to exit the room. Without warning, she found herself waking up in bed. The experience was over.

As she lay there in bed, processing the event, she couldn't help but wonder, was it all just dream? She had read about people who had undergone similar experiences. Perhaps, she thought, she was just regurgitating the material she had read. On the other hand, the experience was not at all like a normal dream. It felt very real--too real.

In the end, however, she had to admit that she couldn't be sure. She had no way of really knowing either way. In any case, it was just another indication that her life was in some way inextricably intertwined with UFOs.

Having come to this awareness, Jill decided to tell her family. As far as she knows, none of her relatives have ever had any encounters. Her husband remains very supportive. He considers it one of those things that "can't be explained." She and her husband rarely discuss the subject. She told her kids that she once saw a UFO and asked them if they thought UFOs were real. Her daughter thought they might be. Her son, however, was vehemently skeptical. At the same time, she noticed, he was also reading some of the UFO books she had bought.

Today Jill continues to research and learn as much as she can about extraterrestrials and their presence on this planet. She has many questions that continue to nag at her. Who were the aliens? Where was she taken? What is the metallic object in her lungs?

For years, Jill assumed that there was no other explanation for her 1995 healing experience than a UFO abduction. However, recently a friend pointed out, "Have you ever heard of a UFO with carpet?" The friend suggested she might have had what's known as a MILAB experience. MILAB is an acronym for "military abduction." In this growing category of cases, Jill learned, people report being abducted by military

personnel who conduct mind control and other experiments on innocent abductees. In some cases, ETs are present. In others, there are only humans.

Again, Jill remains unsure. She does know that the domed room had lighting that was unlike any illumination she had seen on earth. And she is also certain that the nine-foot-tall being she encountered was definitely *not* human. Could it have been military? Maybe. Was it? Again, she has no way of knowing for sure.

She has considered undergoing hypnotic regression to uncover some of the missing details of her experiences. She would love to know what the ETs taught her from age nine to twelve, not to mention all the other mysteries such as who are the aliens, where do they come from, what is their agenda, how many times has she been contacted and other mysteries.

Her main nagging question, however, is *why her?* Why was she healed? What was so important about her--an anonymous housewife--that they felt it necessary to save her life? Or was she just a lab rat?

This dilemma continues to haunt her to this day. She still feels some nervousness and fear about her experiences, but much less than in the past. As she gets older and wiser, she has learned how to deal with her life. She doesn't have any grand conclusions about the ETs. She does, however, stand firmly behind her testimony. As she says, "I know what I saw. That's about all I have to give. I will take a lie detector test, anything anybody wants."

Chapter Ten: “We Haven’t Come to Harm You”

Charles Anderson and his wife Marie (pseudonyms) were worried. It had happened again. Their six-year-old son, Kenneth, was having yet another nosebleed. With three other sons, the Andersons knew that nosebleeds were usually not serious, and were common especially among children. Kids picked their noses; it was a fact of life. However, Kenneth’s nosebleeds were different. First, they often happened in the middle of the night when he was asleep. Second, they were way too frequent. Third, they seemed to be more serious than the average nosebleed, sometimes taking many minutes to stop the flow of blood.

Kenneth was obviously not responsible, nor did he offer any explanation. After all, he was only six. The Andersons decided it was time to take him to the pediatrician.

After examining him, the doctor told them that their son appeared to be normal and healthy. He prescribed a cocktail of multi-vitamins and said that there was little else that could be done.

The Andersons returned home with their son. They followed the doctor’s advice and dutifully fed Kenneth his vitamins. Unfortunately, it had no apparent effect on the problem. For the next three years, Kenneth suffered regular nosebleeds. Charles and Marie were beginning to think that it might be a chronic problem.

They took Kenneth back to the doctor several times, however, the doctors were unable to help. Finally, when Kenneth was nine years old, the nosebleeds suddenly stopped.

It was good news, so nobody really questioned what happened. Kenneth, however, had not been entirely honest with his parents. While he didn’t know what was causing his nosebleeds or why they had stopped, during this time something else very strange had been happening to him.

The Andersons had a three-bedroom home in a rural area of upstate New York. Two of Kenneth’s brothers shared one room, and Kenneth shared a room with his other brother. Sometimes during the middle of the night, Kenneth would wake up to find somebody or *something* in his room. “I could hear the shuffling of little footsteps,” says Kenneth. “They would come shuffling into the room and I could hear them. I would often hear clicking. I don’t know if that’s how they communicate, but I do recall hearing clicking noises during many of those incidents during childhood. And sometimes I swear I could see shadows in the room. I would be so filled with fear that I would pull the covers over my head, thinking that whoever this was, they wouldn’t be able to see me.”

Kenneth's room was in the back of the house. Because there were no streetlights behind their house, his bedroom was very dark at nighttime. There was never enough light to see who it was that kept coming into his bedroom in the middle of the night. He knew it wasn't their dog or cat; the dog lived outside and a cat couldn't make the sounds that he was hearing. But each time it occurred, he was too scared to look, and he somehow always fell asleep before anything else happened.

Around age nine, the weird visitations suddenly stopped. For whatever reason, Kenneth never told anyone about what happened. And now that the events had ceased to occur, he no longer thought about them. In fact, the next sixteen years passed without any noticeably unusual incidents. The only strange thing was an encounter with the local town drunk. Kenneth was fourteen years old and the man preached to him that according to the Book of Revelations and God's word, our planet would one day experience great changes. It was an idea that mysteriously resonated with him and ever since then, Kenneth paid careful attention to world events.

He went to college and pursued a medical education. He moved out of the family home and got his own place. He found employment at a veteran's hospital as a nursing assistant. All his hard work was finally paying off. His life was going pretty much according to plan.

He did have one bad stroke of luck. A series of weird medical symptoms prompted him to visit the doctor. He had already been diagnosed with Hypertension, or high blood pressure. Thankfully, this was controllable and had few symptoms. Now, however, he was having different problems.

Currently the tissues around his left eye were swelling. This was exerting pressure on his optic nerve, causing vision problems. The doctors ordered MRI scans to be done on his head and face. Afterwards, his doctor called him into his office. He told Kenneth, "You have a small, peculiar, little object showing up in your left sinus. We think it's probably insignificant. It's probably due to an injury as a child. Maybe you were running with a stick or something sharp in your hand and it got jabbed up your nose. Somehow it got lodged up there. We feel this little object is insignificant, but we do want to talk to you about your condition."

The diagnosis was devastating: he had Crohn's disease, an immune system disorder that can cause inflammation in various organ systems of the body. The disease ran in his family, so it was not entirely unexpected. Still, the news was not good. Without treatment, the doctors told him he might go blind. Thankfully, treatment was available. And although the disease was chronic, it wasn't fatal. And so Kenneth's life went on.

UFOs were the farthest thing from his mind. The weird anomaly on his MRI was forgotten.

Then in August of 1991, when he was twenty-five years old, an incident occurred during a late night drive home from work which would eventually make UFOs the unwanted central focus of his life.

Because his work-shift ended at midnight, each evening he had to drive about twenty-five miles through winding mountain roads back to his home. Luckily he found a co-worker, Alice Rogers, (pseudonym) who lived close to his home. She was a nurse and several years older than he. Despite their age difference, they became friends and would often carpool to and from work.

On this particular evening, he and Alice were returning home from work. It usually took about forty-five minutes to get home. They left the hospital shortly after midnight. Kenneth was driving and Alice sat in the front passenger seat. One of them turned on the car radio.

About fifteen minutes into the drive, Alice turned toward the right passenger window and exclaimed, "My God! The moon is so bright tonight! Look at that!"

Kenneth looked upwards to his left and saw the moon. "The moon is over here," he said, wondering what Alice was looking at.

"Then what the hell is this?" she asked.

He hunched forward over the steering wheel and peered out the windshield to the right. He instantly saw what Alice was talking about. "It was a white orb," says Kenneth, "very bright. I would estimate it was approximately forty to fifty feet off the ground, and approximately thirty to forty yards away from the car."

They continued driving down the road. Kenneth had traveled this route hundreds of times and had every corner memorized, so it was easy for him to drive and still watch the object. To his amazement, the white sphere paced their car, traveling just above the trees, and rising up over houses and then back down to near ground level. They couldn't tell how big it was, but it did not appear to be very large.

"It's probably a weather balloon," Alice offered.

"Weather balloons don't travel like that," Kenneth replied. It was obvious to both of them that whatever the object was--it was *not* normal. The road curved through a forested area and they both lost sight of it.

At this point, the radio started to exhibit a strange sort of static. They were listening to a local station, which usually had great reception.

Kenneth glanced at his rear-view mirror. To his shock he saw the small sphere of light dart across the road from left to right. Seconds later, it sped up and began pacing their car on the other side, still maintaining the same altitude and distance.

As he watched the object, he became increasingly curious as to what it was. He slowed the car down to a crawl. The object also slowed down. The road led out of the forest and into a wide field. Kenneth slowed down further, then pulled the car over and stopped the engine.

The object also stopped and hovered in place, as if watching them. Kenneth looked at the clock on the car's dashboard. It was 12:20 AM.

“This is no weather balloon,” he said. “This thing is being flown with some kind of intelligence.”

Alice had no explanation to offer. Neither of them had ever encountered anything like this. The idea that it was a UFO hadn’t yet occurred to them.

“This thing is really freaking me out,” Kenneth said. “I’m going to get out and take a look.”

He stepped out of car and closed the door. As he looked at the bright, shining sphere, a vivid memory suddenly flashed across his mind. Back in 1982, his uncle had rented a summer cottage not far from Kenneth’s home. His uncle often told a story about how one morning he was awakened at 4:00 AM by a bright light shining in through the bedroom window. He went outside to investigate. To his amazement, a bright white sphere of light hung at tree-top level only a few hundred feet away. His uncle walked towards the object, which moved away. However, when he moved back towards the house, the object followed, always maintaining the same distance. After a while, it darted away. Kenneth’s uncle said that the UFO was playing some sort of cat-and-mouse game with him.

As Kenneth stood beside his car looking at the white globe of light, he realized that he was seeing the same type of thing. Adrenaline pulsed into his bloodstream as he crossed the road and marched into the field towards the object. To his amazement, the moment he began to get close to the object, it slowly moved away.

He turned back to Alice and shouted at the top of his lungs, “Did you see that!”

At this point, Alice was beginning to feel some fear and was ready to leave. She shouted back, “Get back in the car! Get back in the car!”

Kenneth, however, had no fear. Instead he was consumed with curiosity. He continued to walk towards the object, which dutifully moved away, still maintaining a distance of about fifty feet. Alice continued shouting at him to return.

Finally, Kenneth obeyed Alice and returned to the car. As he walked slowly back, the sphere followed.

“Get back in the car!” Alice screamed. “Get back in the car now! Can’t you see it’s coming?!”

“Yes, I’m looking at it,” Kenneth told her as he opened the car door. At this point the sphere of light approached to the edge of the field, right alongside the opposite side of the road.

Kenneth sat down in the car and closed the door. “This is weird. This is no weather balloon.”

By now Alice was becoming panicked. “It’s coming! Let’s go! It’s coming!”

The keys were still in the ignition. Kenneth turned the keys and nothing happened. The car would not start. He tried it a few more times, but nothing worked. The entire electrical system appeared to have failed. Even the digital clock wasn’t working.

Now Kenneth also began to feel a little fear. He closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. Then he turned the ignition one more time. This time, everything came back on at once: the engine, the radio and the car-lights.

That's odd, thought Kenneth. *Did I leave the car lights on?* He looked at the digital clock. It read 12:32.

The glowing object continued to hover in place. Kenneth wasted no time. He pulled away and continued their interrupted journey. As soon as they picked up speed, the object lifted up and followed behind them above the road. In about ten minutes, they reached the town where Alice lived. At this point, the object darted upwards and disappeared.

Strangely as they drove through town there was almost no traffic at all. Kenneth dropped Alice at her home and drove to his home in the neighboring town. He was amazed to pass only one car--a sheriff's patrol vehicle--during the entire trip. He glanced at his dashboard clock. It read 12:50 AM.

After he got home, he began his normal after-work routine, which usually involved a sandwich and an hour of television. As he sat down and flipped through the channels, he was disappointed to realize that all the programming was wrong. He had somehow missed his shows. He looked at his wristwatch. It read 12:55 AM.

What is going on? Kenneth wondered. He walked into this bedroom to check his alarm clock. It read 2:55 AM. The only other clock in his house was on the stove. To his amazement, it also read 2:55 AM.

Somehow his car clock and his wristwatch were two hours behind.

This is weird, thought Kenneth. He picked up the phone and called up Alice. "Alice," he asked her, "What time is it?"

"What? Will you stop it? Just let me eat my ice cream in peace."

"No," Kenneth insisted. "Look at the clocks in your house. Look at your watch and you tell me what time it is."

"Well it's just a couple of minutes before one according to my watch."

"Now go look at the other clocks in your house if you have any."

Kenneth heard her set the receiver down and walk over to her clock. Suddenly he could hear her screaming in the background. She ran back to the phone and picked up the receiver. "What the hell is going on?" she asked.

"I don't know, you tell me."

"Why? What time is it at your house?" she asked.

"All my clocks are two hours ahead of my watch."

"Oh, my God!"

Kenneth told her that he was going to go check his car clock again. He figured that if both their watches and the car-clock were all three exactly two hours behind, then

something happened out there.

They said goodbye. Kenneth went down and checked the car clock again. It still read two hours behind normal time. He went back inside. By now, he decided it was too late to call Alice, and besides, what could he tell her? Instead he went straight to bed.

The next morning, he woke up feeling terrible. He had a splitting headache and the worst sore throat of his life. He took a couple of Tylenol and drank a glass of ice water, which seemed to help.

Later that morning, his younger brother, Steve [pseudonym] called. "Hey, Kenny," he said, "You should've been here last night. There was one hell of a sky show."

"What are you talking about?"

Steve, who was going to college in a nearby town, explained that between 10:15 and 10:30 last night, two round, glowing lights swooped down out of the sky and started "bouncing around" above the campus. He said that students flooded the courtyards and balconies, pointing and gesticulating, as they watched the incredible display. Steve also saw the objects. It was obvious to him and everybody else that the objects were not planes or helicopters. He told Kenneth that it was too bad he wasn't there, as he would have seen a fantastic spectacle.

Kenneth was shocked. He told Steve, "You know, that's weird because when I was coming home last night, there was one following and pacing my car."

Kenneth then revealed the whole story, including the missing time discrepancy of two hours.

Steve was suitably impressed, but then he revealed the bombshell. "This is really, really, really weird," he told Kenneth. He explained that before he called Kenneth, he had just called their other brother, Gary [pseudonym], who lived in another nearby town. He told Gary about his sighting.

Gary was shocked, and then told Steve that at 11:30 that evening, he also saw a UFO. One of the balls of light hovered right above his apartment complex. He and half the tenants in his building stood out in the parking lot and watched the object as it performed impossible maneuvers.

This time it was Kenneth's turn to be amazed. He hung up with Steve and instantly called Gary, who confirmed his sighting. Kenneth shared his story. Gary was supportive and told Kenneth that he should call the newspapers.

Kenneth declined. While he was glad to know that he wasn't the only one who saw the UFO, he was still leery of being labeled as some kind of UFO nut. Mostly, however, he was amazed that the UFOs had shown themselves to two of his brothers and then to him. Steve saw the UFO at 10:30. Gary saw the UFO at 11:30. And Kenneth saw the UFO at 12:30. *What could this mean*, he wondered.

He hung up and then got ready for work. As usual, he stopped by Alice's house to give her a ride to work. Instead of Alice, however, her daughter came out. She told Kenneth, "Mom's not feeling very good. She's called in sick, so you can just go on to work."

He didn't ask for any more information and just drove to work. At the hospital he got another surprise. Everyone on the staff was talking about last night's UFO sightings. Several of the employees were firsthand witnesses and were sharing their stories with the others. Kenneth listened in and told a few people about his and Alice's sighting.

Amazed that he had been a part of this mass sighting, he vowed to pick up a newspaper during his break. To his dismay, however, there was no mention of the sightings in the paper.

He was sure that there would be a story on the evening news so at 6:00 o'clock, he watched the news in the hospital break-room. Again, however, there was no mention of UFOs.

All through his shift, he thought about his sighting. This missing time aspect bothered and confused him. Was there something to his experience that he wasn't remembering? He decided that when he got home he would write down everything that happened.

So after he got home, he made a snack, turned on the television, and then wrote down a one-page summary of his encounter. He folded it up neatly, put it inside an envelope, and placed it in the top drawer of his desk.

A few days later, he went to re-read the letter and was shocked to find that the envelope was gone. Kenneth stopped in his tracks. There was no way he had misplaced the letter. The only other explanation was that it had been stolen. Although nothing else in the house was disturbed, Kenneth knew for a fact that the envelope had been moved, and not by him. He called the police.

The police listened to his story, and then told him they don't really respond to these kinds of calls, and that since no money was involved and nothing else was missing, they would not fill out an official report.

Disappointed, Kenneth hung up. If he was going to get any help, he would have to find it elsewhere.

The next day he picked up Alice for work. She was feeling much better. Kenneth then asked her what she thought about their sighting. To his shock, she didn't want to talk about it. He tried to coax her, but she refused. Not only did she not want to talk about it, she told him that she didn't want Kenneth to talk about the sighting to their co-workers. Kenneth gulped and told her that he had already told at least four or five people. She was unhappy about it, and told him, "I think it's best if we keep our mouths shut."

This marked the beginning of Alice's decline. As a younger woman, Alice had suffered from alcoholism, but had remained dry and sober for more than seventeen

years. Following the UFO incident, she began drinking again. Over the next few months, she slipped back into alcoholism.

Her work began to suffer, and her absences increased. Despite several warnings and offers for counseling from employee health, Alice's condition deteriorated. In August of 1992 she was fired from her position.

Now that they were no longer car-pooling, they stopped seeing each other. One year later, in the Spring of 1993, he crossed paths with Alice's daughter. She told Kenneth, "I've been meaning to ask you a question. What happened to you and my mother the night you came home late?"

"I wish I knew," Kenneth told her. "To my knowledge, we had a very, very strange encounter with a very strange aircraft in the shape of a glowing, brightly lit, white ball, and as far as we both knew, we never left the roadside. We felt we were on the roadside for about ten minutes. We were not aware we were missing any time."

"Well, mom refuses to talk about that night." The news was not good. Alice's daughter told Kenneth that after she was fired, her mother remained unemployed. With no job, she quickly went through all her savings and then, unable to pay the bills, was evicted from her home. She was now on disability and was still drinking heavily. She complained of a feeling that she was always being watched.

Kenneth was saddened by the news. It was the last contact he had with Alice or her daughter. As the years passed, his thoughts would occasionally drift back to that fateful night. Ever since then, he found himself simultaneously fascinated and repulsed by the subject of UFOs. On one hand, he was eager to know more, but on the other, he was scared by their incredible power over people--particularly himself.

Physically he seemed to be fine. Emotionally, however, he had to admit that he was scared and confused. He became even more confused by another symptom which manifested shortly after the 1991 encounter.

Kenneth had never considered himself psychic. In fact, he had never experienced anything that he would label as paranormal or supernatural. So when he suddenly began having what appeared to be vivid prophetic visions, he was more than surprised. At first he had no idea what was happening to him and thought he might be going insane.

"Since the sphere sighting in 1991," Kenneth explains, "sometimes just walking by a person or a stranger on the street or in the local Wall Mart, I pick up vibrations. I see flashbacks in my head of things that have happened in the person's life. Sometimes I see flashes of lights around their heads, and I hear voices talking to me. I began picking up other people's vibrations. Almost immediately I could tell what the other person was feeling or what they were thinking. And a couple of times at work, I knew the co-workers were going to come up and ask me questions, and I told them, 'I know what you're about to ask me and the answer is no.' And they're like, 'I didn't ask you yet.'"

Kenneth's first thought was that he might be developing schizophrenia. However, none of the normal symptoms were there: just the voices, which were

anything but persecutory. Instead, they revealed what appeared to be intimate information about the lives of complete strangers.

One incident occurred a few years after the 1991 encounter. He was walking down the sidewalk when he passed and smiled at a woman. Suddenly he felt compelled to turn around confront the woman. A chorus of alien voices repeated in his head, "You have a job to do. You have a job to do."

Unable to resist the impulse, he ran up to her and said, "I don't know why I'm telling you this; you just need to go home. You need to go home to your husband. You need to go now."

The lady looked at him with a strange expression, obviously not sure how to react to Kenneth's announcement.

Kenneth repeated himself, apologized and made a hasty exit. He was somewhat embarrassed by his behavior and had no idea what had compelled him to say such a thing, especially to a complete stranger.

Several months later he was in the supermarket when he looked up and saw the same woman standing in the line next to his. She looked up and recognizing him, she got out of her line and stood behind Kenneth, who was last in his line. She turned to Kenneth and said, "I think you're the gentleman who told me to go home to my husband."

"Oh, my God!" Kenneth replied. "I remember that incident. You are that woman."

"Yes, you told me to go home to my husband. I just wanted to let you know, he passed away that evening right after supper. Apparently whatever gift you have, I want to thank you. Because you really got me to thinking that maybe my husband was in serious danger. After I got done with my walk, I went straight home. I can't thank you enough because I spent those last hours with him. He just passed suddenly. He said, 'I don't feel very good. I think I'm going to go upstairs and rest.' By the time I checked on him an hour later, he was gone."

Kenneth was shocked. This sort of incident had happened several times, but this was the first time he got verification that the visions were true. Says Kenneth, "I thought, *My God, what the hell is this? This is a whole different ability that I never had in my life before. What is going on here?*"

The strange visions seemed to occur at random. Each time, the impulse to approach the stranger was so powerful that it almost felt as if some other entity was taking over his body and forcing him to reveal the information. The voices would always speak in simultaneous chorus, repeating the same enigmatic message, "You have a job to do."

Another strange result of the 1991 encounter was that Kenneth suddenly became obsessed with the idea of upcoming Earth changes. The idea of an apocalyptic-type

event had intrigued him ever since age fourteen after listening to the town drunk. At this time there was very little talk of global warming or upcoming climatic changes, however, Kenneth felt certain that humanity was going to experience some major shifts.

Another strange occurrence made little sense at the time, though later Kenneth wondered if it might be related. He began to experience bizarre problems with his phone. His answering machine would turn on and start taping, even though the phone hadn't rung. It happened at least a dozen times. Each time he played the message tape and all he could hear was a low hum. He eventually decided the machine was broken so he bought a new one. The same thing kept happening. He wondered if perhaps weird power surges were setting it off, but that didn't seem likely as nothing else was affected. It was just a bizarre mystery that he learned to live with.

For the next few years, nothing else unusual occurred. His life returned back to normal. The UFOs, it seemed, were gone from his life.

Then, in 1998, seven years following the missing-time incident, he had a series of repeating dreams--each one revealing a new detail that he hadn't yet remembered about the 1991 incident. Finally a more complete scenario emerged. In his dreams, he found himself back at the scene. He could hear Alice screaming, "It's coming! Do you see it coming?!"

He saw himself sitting in the front seat looking at the white sphere. Suddenly, he saw two short, weird-looking figures creep out of the ditch from the opposite side of the road. Before he could get a good look at them, the entire car was engulfed by a brilliant white flash of light. At this point, the dreams ended.

Kenneth was rattled by his recall of the event. He had always suspected that something happened that he couldn't remember. The sight of the weird-looking figures moving towards the car, however, was a new twist. Could these be real memories, he wondered? Or perhaps, he thought, he was just going crazy.

Either possibility was not a pleasant proposition. Strangely, it was shortly after this series of dreams that Kenneth had another major encounter.

It was near the end of 1998. It was around 12:30 AM and he was driving alone, again on his way back home from work. As he crested over a small hill at about 60 MPH, he was shocked to see a huge white sphere of light blocking the entire width of the road. "I had to slam on my brakes," says Kenneth. "I was afraid if it was a solid object, it would damage my car. So my car is skidding on dry pavement until this thing is just a few feet in front of my windshield. It was practically hovering over the front hood of my car, it was that close. The light was blinding."

Kenneth estimated that the object was at least twenty feet in diameter. It was so large, it covered his entire windshield, and he still couldn't see the whole object.

The face-off lasted only a few seconds before the craft lifted up and darted away. Kenneth raced home, and had no further sightings during the trip. He checked all his clocks and watches and confirmed that he had not had any missing time. He arrived home at the correct time and there were no discrepancies between any of the clocks.

And yet, the object had been so close, it was obviously interested in him for some reason. Again, the thought made him uneasy. He made a sandwich, watched a little television and went to bed.

When he woke up the next morning, he received a major shock. "I had a very curious triangular burn on my left shin. It didn't hurt. I remember pressing on it, and it felt a little warm, but it didn't hurt. It wasn't a bruise; it definitely looked like a burn. And I thought, what the hell happened? Where did this come from?"

Kenneth didn't know what to think of the mysterious burn. The idea that he might be having a problem with aliens was hard to accept. At the same time, he knew he didn't burn himself. It was an enigma.

He tried not to think about it. However, just over one year later he had another bizarre missing-time encounter. It was sometime in the summer of 2000. He and his friends decided to go out for the evening. They planned to meet early at a local bar and spend the evening there together.

Shortly after night fell, Kenneth got ready, then hopped in the car and drove by himself to the bar. The journey passed without incident, however, when he arrived, his friends were already getting ready to go.

"Where the hell were you?" they asked. "We're ready to go now."

"What?" Kenneth asked. "What are you talking about?"

"We waited for you. We got here three hours ago. We're ready to leave. The bar's getting ready to close."

Kenneth shook his head. "No way. It can't be. It's only 10:00 o'clock."

"No," they told him. "It's almost 1:00 o'clock. They just gave the last call. They're getting ready to shut down. We're going home."

"You've got to be kidding!" Kenneth said.

This time, Kenneth was dumbfounded. Speechless, he said goodbye to his friends and drove back home. Upset and confused, he went straight to bed. When he woke up the next morning, he felt awful. He had another splitting headache, a terrible sore throat and was nauseous to the point of throwing up.

He took a shower, and tried to push the incident out of his mind.

A few weeks later, he dreamed that he was back at that night, driving on his way to meet his friends at the bar. In the dream, he saw another one of the white spheres race up from behind his car and then flood his vehicle with blinding bluish-white light. At that point, the dream ended.

After this incident and the dream, Kenneth began to seriously question what was happening to him. "I thought, 'My God, why is this happening? Is this dream true? Am I losing control? Have I really lost my mind? Should I contact somebody? Is there somebody who's going to believe me? How can I show up three hours late when I started out on time? How in the hell could I have lost so much time?"

These and other questions raced through his mind. The only thing he was certain of was that something very weird was happening to him.

Several months later, Kenneth decided it was time for a change. He had friends down in Florida. Also, the idea of living in a warm climate was kind of attractive, especially after all the harsh New York winters. All it took were a few phone calls, and things just fell into place. He found a job and a place to live, and then made the move.

It wasn't long after he moved that he had his next encounter with the now-familiar white sphere. It was early in the year of 2002. He was again working the late shift, and had just dropped a coworker off at her home. He was about twenty miles away from his home. As usual, he took the quicker route along the back roads towards his house.

As he drove, he suddenly noticed a pinpoint-sized bright light off in the distance to his left. His first thought was that somebody was out there with a flashlight. Why they would be out in the wilderness in the middle of the night was another matter.

However, seconds later, he realized he was having another encounter. "Before I knew it," says Kenneth, "that pinpoint of light got much closer to the road and a hell of a lot larger. And I thought, *Oh, no, not again!* It was by then that I began to realize what I was seeing were probably probes. I felt as though these white spheres were searching for me, or possibly preparing the area for me to be taken. Because there were no cars on the road, and that was unusual. I would normally pass two or three cars on that stretch of road before I turned off the main highway. I passed none. I did remember I was getting scared. The inside of the car was getting extremely hot. I had the air conditioning on because in Florida it can still be eighty-five degrees at midnight. And I remember this kind of burning, soiled, musty basement-type smell coming through the vents of my car. And before I knew it the car was choking and stalling out. I thought, *My God, here we go again!* And I no sooner thought that and I was engulfed again in light."

Kenneth's next conscious memory is being further along the road on his way home. He felt physically fine, although tired and confused. He drove straight home where he discovered that it was an hour and a half later than it should have been.

The news sent him into a quick depression. Says Kenneth, "I thought, *God, why can't this stop*?"

He wondered again if he was going crazy. He wondered if he was maybe having seizures, or was falling asleep and dreaming the events.

But by now, it was obvious that something was wrong. It had followed him down from New York to Florida. No longer could he remain in denial. Something weird was happening to him, and it seemed to involve UFOs.

Then there were the continuing phone problems. Soon after he moved to Florida, he began receiving strange phone calls. They started twice a week, always occurring at the same time, between 2:00 and 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and then again between 8:00 and 9:00 o'clock at night, but only on Mondays and Thursdays. Each time he answered the phone, all he could hear was a low, monotone hum.

This went on for three weeks. Then suddenly the calls started coming every other day. Within a month, the calls came in daily. Each time he answered the phone, all he could hear was the same low humming noise. At the time, he didn't relate it to what was happening to him. He was much more distracted by the fact that he was having missing time encounters.

In no way did Kenneth like what was happening to him. He had already had four events involving missing time. Afterwards he usually felt terrible, with flu-like symptoms. But mostly, it was the thought that *they* could take him at any time, and leave him with no memory of what occurred. He felt it was clearly an abusive relationship and he wanted no part of it. If he had the power to stop his encounters from occurring, he definitely would.

Unfortunately, he was unable to do so, and the encounters continued. In fact, his next encounter would reveal an increasingly complex relationship between the aliens and himself.

It was a summer evening in 2003, and he was taking his dog for a walk. He had walked about a quarter mile down to the end of his street when his dog began to bark furiously and tried to run off into the woods. The dog was a Pitbull-Labrador mix, so it took all of Kenneth's strength to rein the dog in. The dog insisted on going into the woods, and would not take no for an answer.

The behavior was distinctly unusual and Kenneth thought to himself, *Wow, this is weird. What is going on?* Without warning, the dog suddenly changed its mind. It stopped barking, tucked its tail underneath its body, turned and ran straight towards Kenneth and lay down at his feet.

Kenneth tried pulling on the leash, but again, the dog wouldn't budge. *What is going on,* Kenneth wondered. Then looking up, he saw the answer. Another white sphere was hovering at treetop level at the far end of the field where the woods began. As he watched, it began to move towards him.

Says Kenneth, "I thought to myself, *Oh, my God! Not again!*"

A mixture of fear, anger and irritation swept over him. There had to be a way to stop this from happening, he thought. There had to be a reason he was being harassed by these UFOs.

He decided that this time, he would take action. He shouted out loud at the UFO, asking it, "Why are you bothering me? Why are you here?"

The UFO didn't respond, and just hovered in place.

"Are you the same one that I've been seeing?"

The response was instantaneous. The white sphere started to undulate side to side like a pendulum. At the same time, it flashed a rainbow of multi-colored lights which swirled beautifully across its surface like a gigantic glowing soap bubble. The effect was mesmerizing.

Kenneth's next memory was of hearing a very loud knocking noise. He woke up to find himself in bed. It was 10:30 AM, and somebody was at the front door knocking loudly.

Kenneth jumped up and answered the door. It was his neighbor, and she was not happy. "We found your dog," she told Kenneth. "He must have gotten loose somehow. We just tied him up to your carport."

"I'm sorry," said Kenneth. "Thank you."

"Next time, you should keep a better eye on this animal. He is half Pitbull. He could hurt someone."

"I'm sorry. I don't know how he got out."

"Well, you must have been walking him; the leash was still attached."

"Thank you."

"You know," she told Kenneth, "You look like hell. Didn't you even go to bed?"

"Why do you say that?" Kenneth asked her.

"You look like hell."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You look like you haven't even been to bed."

Kenneth was confused. While he remembered getting out of bed, he had no memory of how he got there. He thanked his neighbor again, said goodbye and brought his dog inside.

The dog was in an obvious state of shock. He was shaking and scared. Once inside, he ran straight into his kennel, a huge crate where Kenneth kept him when he was away from the house for extended hours. Kenneth poured a fresh bowl of water and dog food, but nothing would entice the dog out.

There was little else to be done, so Kenneth began his morning routine. He lit a cigarette and started some coffee brewing. He went into the bathroom. As he was washing his hands, he glanced in the mirror and received an incredible shock. His face was bright red, as if it had been sunburned. Also, a portion of one of his sideburns was

missing. It was sore and there were little spots of blood, as if the hair had been pulled out by the roots. Kenneth felt a chill run up his neck. *What the hell is happening to me,* he wondered.

Around this time, Kenneth had been examining his past, searching for answers to his strange condition. He recalled the weird nosebleeds, and the many nights that he heard and saw small figures shuffling around in his bedroom.

Says Kenneth, "I thought to myself: *My God, is this all related? Should I to go someone? Should I notify the police? Do I need a psychotherapist? Have I really lost it?* I mean, there was an inner conflict, and I just couldn't make any sense of it."

Meanwhile, the encounters continued to occur. It was August of 2004, and he decided to invite a friend over to watch a movie. His friend, Tony (pseudonym) had also had a few UFO encounters in his past. Kenneth considers him one of his best and closest friends. They finished watching the movie, and at around 11:00 PM, they were sitting on the couch, drinking coffee and talking.

Kenneth usually took his dog outside for a walk around this time, and right on schedule, the dog started to paw at the door and bark to be let out. Kenneth told Tony he'd be right back. He slipped on his shoes, put the leash on the dog and opened the back door to the house.

At this point, several things happened at once. The dog tried to run off into the backyard. Kenneth reached down to tie his shoelaces. At the same time, he looked out into the backyard and was shocked to see another white sphere hovering only a few hundred feet away.

At that exact moment, his friend Tony jumped up and shouted to Kenneth, "I'm sorry, I'm not supposed to be here. I need to get out of here! You need to deal with this alone. I have to go."

Without another word, Tony dashed out of the house, started his car and drove away. Kenneth watched this happen in a matter of seconds, then turned to look at the sphere. The next thing he remembers, it was the following morning and he woke up in bed. He was totally nude and the clothes that he had been wearing were piled on the floor. He stumbled into the living room. His dog was cowering under the dining room table, with his leash still attached. Kenneth walked over to him and the dog flinched away and whimpered.

Looking up, Kenneth saw that the back door was still wide open. Even worse, the entire house was filled with hundreds of insects of all different kinds.

I could have been robbed blind, Kenneth realized. He got his dog a fresh bowl of food and water, but again, the dog was not interested. Kenneth sat down and tried to comfort him, but each pet made the dog tremble and whimper.

Kenneth went to the bathroom and received another profound shock. As he says, "The front of my abdomen way down to my nether region was burned. I'm not a nude sunbather. I'm very fair-skinned. I hadn't even been to the beach. How in the hell could I have sun-burned my stomach and...well. I don't even visit nude beaches. How in the world did my private area get burned?"

Kenneth spent the next week trying to clear his house of insects. He later called up Tony and asked him about the incident, which they discussed in detail. Tony didn't see the white sphere, and he was shocked when he found out what had happened to Kenneth. He told him, "I'm sorry, buddy. I didn't mean to leave you. But I got the very strict impression that I wasn't invited. Something in my head told me to go away. We don't want you there."

"Who is we?" Kenneth asked.

"I don't know. I just had a very strict feeling I had to leave, like I wasn't supposed to witness something that had to happen."

The UFO experiences, Kenneth felt, were getting out of control. He had no idea, however, what to do, or how to improve his situation. Unfortunately, other life issues added more stress.

Following a car accident, Kenneth found himself suddenly out of work and with no income. The bills piled up quickly, and by January of 2005, Kenneth decided he would return to New York. He was sure he could get a job there, and start over.

His encounters had been occurring steadily at about the rate of one every year or so. By the time 2006 rolled around, Kenneth knew that he was overdue for another encounter.

Right on schedule, on January 16, 2006, Kenneth had his next white sphere encounter. He had spent the evening at a local bar with his friends. As the designated driver, he was only allowed two beers early in the evening. They stayed at the bar for a few hours and left around 1:00 am. Kenneth drove each of his friends home and then began the drive to his own house.

It was a cold evening, so Kenneth turned up the car heater and continued his drive. Way off in the distance, he suddenly saw a tiny ball of light. In a matter of seconds, the white sphere swooped forward until it was thirty yards from the side of the road.

Says Kenneth, "I thought, *Wow, not again! Please, God, no!*"

To help protect himself, he spontaneously began reciting Catholic Prayers from his childhood. The object darted off into the woods. Kenneth continued to drive, nervously glancing to either side looking for the object. He came around a corner and there was the sphere, hovering at ground level, covering both lanes of the road.

He slammed on his brakes. "There it was in the middle of the road. And I thought to myself, *My God, here we go again! Do what you have to do. Take me,*

whatever you going to do--just do it! This time I do remember being surrounded by a column of bluish-white light. And it only surrounded me, not the car, not the road. It was just me, the driver's seat and the steering wheel. It was really strange."

Kenneth's next memory is waking up and finding himself sitting in the front seat of his car. His car was parked along the side of the road. The engine was running and the heater was blasting, making the interior of the car extremely warm. The gas-tank dial registered half-empty, which was disturbing considering it had just been near full.

Kenneth drove quickly home. Despite this, he arrived at 4:30 AM, a full two hours later than he should have. Furthermore, he was feeling physically nauseous and extremely tired. He lay down in bed and prayed that this whole problem would just go away.

When he woke the next morning, he was dismayed to see two perfect triangular-shaped bruises on the same exact location on the top of each forearm. Says Kenneth, "These bruises had very well-defined edges. Having worked in the nursing and medical field, I have seen many bruises. They have irregular edges and take a lot of different, weird-looking forms, but these were two perfect equilateral triangles, each edge approximately two inches in length. I thought to myself, *You know, people are going to think you are nuts. Let's cover these up. Don't say a word to anyone and just go about your business."*

By this point, Kenneth was reaching the end of his rope. He felt like he was in over his head and that it was time to seek help. The thought of having further encounters was almost too much to bear and he felt himself beginning to become clinically depressed. To avoid despair, he began taking anti-depressants.

Next he went to his doctor for a full physical check-up. He asked the doctor to test his blood levels, hormone levels or anything else that might be off-balance. The doctor performed the tests and pronounced him healthy (other than the Crohn's Disease) and advised him to stop smoking.

He next decided to visit a psychotherapist. He had hit upon a wild theory that might explain what was happening to him. Perhaps, he thought, he had some psychological problem that was causing him to manifest these events.

The therapist listened to Kenneth's story, and after a few sessions, she told him frankly that she had never heard of stories like his, that this was way beyond her level of expertise and she had no idea how to handle this type of situation.

Nevertheless Kenneth continued to visit her as they searched through his past for any traumatic event that might explain where these stories were coming from. Six months later, she told Kenneth that in her professional opinion, there was nothing in his

past that would cause something like this to occur, and that the problem did not appear psychological. She told him that there was nothing further she could do for him and recommended that he contact somebody who was well-versed in the subject of UFOs.

Kenneth agreed. However, before he could locate somebody to help, he had another dramatic encounter.

It was July 2006 and Kenneth had gone down to the basement to shut off the electrical circuit box so he could do some wiring work on the house. Says Kenneth, "When I turned towards the stairs, there were two figures standing there. Each one was approximately four and a half feet in height, no clothes, large head, black eyes that wrapped around towards the temples. They just stood there. They had two little slits for nostrils. There was no nose visible at all. I didn't know what to make of it. I let out a scream. I remember I shut my eyes, I shook my head and I looked back at the stairs, opened my eyes and there was nothing there."

The shock of seeing the figures nearly knocked the wind out of him. They had stared directly at him. He broke down and cried. It was definitely time to get some help.

He went on the internet and for the first time, began to read about other people's experiences. The research proved to be both therapeutic and traumatic. While it was nice to know that other people were also having the same experiences, it was no longer possible to hide from the truth. He was not crazy. The truth was much worse. He was being abducted by aliens.

He began to correspond with other abductees who were sympathetic to his experiences, and they formed a small online support group. He was amazed at how similar his experiences were to those of other people who were totally unrelated. As he examined his past, he realized that he fit the profile of the typical UFO abductee. He had weird visitations as a child. He had a problem with nosebleeds. There was the MRI that showed a weird object in his sinus. Then of course there was the constant UFO sightings and missing time.

He also located an experienced therapist who was trained to handle UFO abductees. After going over his case with him, the therapist told Kenneth that his experiences had left with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, something she had seen in many other abductees.

At this time, Kenneth was suffering from severe nightmares, usually involving partial memories of encounters. But it was the "flashbacks" that were the most disturbing. While going throughout his normal day, he would suddenly find himself vividly remembering and actually *re-living* bizarre and scary memories of onboard UFO experiences.

Says Kenneth: "Sometimes, even while awake and watching TV here in my room with the lights on, I can look up at the ceiling and I'm seeing objects dropping down and hovering over my body. They appear to come down from the ceiling like on

bendable, elbowed, metallic arms, similar to dental instruments. I have seen very fine needles coming towards my face. Sometimes while lying on the bed, it turns cold and it feels like I'm lying on cold metal. Sometimes with the light on and the TV playing, I see just their faces bending over my bed. There no body, just transparent faces. It's still enough to scare the living hell out of me. They instill a lot of fear in me and sometimes bring me to tears. There are times when it is so fearful, it almost drops me to my knees and I start praying to God for help."

The therapist explained to Kenneth that these flashbacks were a normal psychological reaction to trauma. The same phenomenon occurs to war veterans, child abuse sufferers and rape victims. She told him that the incident on the staircase may have involved one of these waking flashbacks rather than an actual incident.

Meanwhile, the weird voices continued. While they usually manifested during visions, telling him only that he had a job to do, sometimes he would hear the chilling message, "We know where you are."

Then, in July 2006 they had a different message. This time the voices told Kenneth, "We are coming for you soon. Be prepared. It will make sense to you when we come."

Instead of being excited by the announcement, Kenneth felt like he was really beginning to lose his mind. He thought that perhaps he should visit a brain specialist. The voices seemed to be listening in and told him, "You are fine. We are coming for you. Be prepared. The time is near. We know where you are. We will come again soon. Soon you will know why this happened."

"Who are you?" Kenneth asked. "Where do you come from? Why are you in my head?" There was no response. Instead, for the next few weeks they repeated the same message over and over again.

One month later in August 2006, Kenneth was driving home from work at about 3:00 AM. He had his cell phone with him, just in case the car broke down. Suddenly, the phone started beeping a series of totally random tones. The ringer was set on a particular song, and had actually never made these kinds of tones before. Kenneth picked up the phone and answered it. The line was completely dead. He turned off the receiver, shut the phone, and put it back on the front seat.

Moments later, it started beeping weirdly again. Kenneth picked it up and looked at the digital screen to see who was calling. It read: NO NUMBER. He answered the call. Says Kenneth, "I heard funny clicking noises, not like a mechanical click, more like a person with their tongue at the roof of their mouth and then snapping it down--that kind of click. But it was very rapid. I thought, *Wow, this is nuts!* I began to get a little freaked. And I heard a voice say, 'The time has grown closer.' I got so scared, I didn't even realize I was going ninety miles an hour."

Kenneth hung up the phone and threw it on the seat. He raced back home at top speed, and tried to ignore the creepy feeling that he was being watched and hunted. He saw a small white sphere darting around, but decided to just ignore it. *We know where you are*, the voices sounded in his head. *Be prepared, we are coming soon. Soon you will know the reason.*

Thankfully, he made it home without further incident. However, he could literally feel the tension growing. Never before had he been warned of an upcoming abduction. And now the ETs had gone so far as to call him up on his cell phone! Either he was going crazy, or something very bizarre was happening to him.

Over the next few weeks, the alien message came a few more times. "We are coming for you soon. The time is coming soon. It's only a matter of time. Soon you will know."

One month later, events finally came to a dramatic climax. The aliens spoke the same message again, but this time with one very important variation: "We're here. Be prepared, and all that you want to know will be revealed."

Two days later, at around 11:00 o'clock PM on September 19, 2006, Kenneth sat up in his bed, watching television.

Then came the voices. Speaking in their characteristic simultaneous chorus, they said, "It's time. And it's also time for you to know why."

Kenneth felt a flash of fear. He jumped up, went to the bathroom and splashed cold water on his face. He felt himself beginning to freak out. *This can't be happening*, he thought. *Not again.*

He went back into his bedroom and lay down. He decided he would just go to sleep. He was a little frightened, so he left the television and the lights on. As he lay there trying to fall asleep, he suddenly felt like somebody was in his bedroom. Opening his eyes, he was shocked to see that his bed was surrounded by four gray-type ETs, two on each side and one at the foot of his bed. They told him, "Don't worry. We haven't come to harm you. But you need to know why."

"All of a sudden," says Kenneth, "things just seemed so screwy. I wasn't even in my bed anymore. The next thing I knew I was in a room with gray metal walls. The floor was made of the same material. And there was a much taller being, I would say about six feet, although he looked the same. And it motioned for me to come closer. I could feel one of their hands on my back pushing me forward gently, not too rough. And the next thing I see is a child being. It came out behind the tall one."

Kenneth's reaction surprised him. As he says, "I was so overcome with grief and sorrow, because this being was mine. Its head was a little smaller in shape. Its eyes were still black, almond-shaped and wrapped towards the temples. But it had signs of a

nose and lips, and I could see it smile. I knew immediately that this was a child, and it was mine. No one told me it was. I had paternal instincts; I knew. And yet it looked repulsive. It looked nothing like a human being, and yet it had a few characteristics that made it seem like it was more human than its alien counterparts that were standing in that room with the rest of us. There was an attraction I think only a parent can know, and never having had these feelings before, that's the best I can describe it. There was a paternal attraction. It was like giving up a child for adoption and meeting years later, and not knowing what he or she is going to look like. But the moment they walk into the room, you know it's your child."

Kenneth had never felt such a powerful mixture of conflicting emotions. While he was thankful to the ETs for providing some information, he was angry at what they had done. At the same time, he was terror-stricken, and then they marched out his child, which triggered feelings of both love and revulsion. Says Kenneth, "I felt so guilty because I was repulsed by his looks. It didn't look like me. It was hideous, and yet I still loved it. I knew this child was mine. And I wasn't a part of this child's life. I didn't get to see it get born. I didn't get to see it grow. I don't even know if it's gone to school, if there are such things on other planets. This is my child, and I want to be a part of it, and yet it's so damned ugly that I don't want it to be a part of me. I personally did not create this child by choice. I didn't want it to be mine, and yet the attraction said it was mine. I'm the parent and I need to do something for it. I can't tell you what an inner war this has been. If these things are for real, then I've got a child out there."

The beings seemed proud of their accomplishment, and displayed the child to Kenneth as if it would explain everything. Kenneth, however, was anything but mollified. As he says, "At the same time I was hating this child, I was hating them for doing this. I was even repulsed by my own child's looks. I saw the child come out from behind the taller being, because it was trying to hide. I did not approach the child. The child did not approach me. But I got the very distinct feeling that they were communicating with me in my mind: 'Go ahead, go ahead and nurture. This child needs nurturing.' And I wanted to, but at the same time I was afraid. I've never been through such a strong emotional attachment, along with hatred, repulsion and anger. It was just a very odd combination of feelings that I've never experienced before in my life. I was drawn so hard to something, and yet at the same time I was so fearful and angry."

Kenneth's mind was reeling. He was fully conscious and found himself in a constant state of reality-checking. The realization of what was occurring was overwhelming. *This can't be happening,* Kenneth thought to himself. Incredibly, the ETs responded, saying, "Yes, this child is yours."

Kenneth stared at them angrily. "I didn't create this child!" he told them. "No one can make me be a parent, but at the same time, I want to be."

"Well, then you should be," the ETs told him.

Says Kenneth, “It was like they knew every question and every emotion that raised a question that could possibly go through my mind. They are capable of reading thoughts. I remember feeling so sad, angry, outraged, and so full of love.”

Kenneth turned to the ETs and said, “How can you do this to me? I did not create this child of my own will. How can you do this? Why have you done this to me?”

Their answer was characteristically short and logical. “We wanted your experiences to make sense to you. We have revealed to you why we chose you.”

At this point the experience came to a sudden end. Says Kenneth, “I just remember being let out of the room, and I remember them saying that they had to prepare me. I don’t really remember anything about any kind of preparation being made for my transport. I don’t know how they do it. I don’t know how I can float through walls or windows or even through the ceiling. I just know that I can sometimes see myself pass through.”

When Kenneth woke up the next morning, he was emotionally drained. He had finally remembered an encounter without having any missing time. The ETs had finally explained what they were doing.

However, what they didn’t explain was why? Kenneth still had no idea why they had created the child or what their plan for him was. He still had no idea why he, in particular, had been chosen. What was the reason for this project? Was their race dying? Was humanity in danger of extinction? He still had many questions, and the encounter left him far from satisfied.

He also noticed another strange medical symptom that manifested immediately following this encounter. Says Kenneth, “Since September’s encounter, I’ve had a nonstop ringing in my ear. It’s not tinnitus. This is a very, very, very high constant pitch. It’s with me no matter where I go. But it’s very low volume and I can tune it out. But this happened as a result of September’s visit.”

Meanwhile, Kenneth still had to deal with his increasingly powerful psychic ability. Says Kenneth, “It’s probably happened thirteen or fourteen times now. I have to admit, even after all this time, it’s unexpected, and sometimes it can be overwhelming because I don’t know how to turn it off. Once in a great while I’ll pass somebody and I’ll see white flashes of light swirling around their heads. And I’m compelled to tell them things. There’s nothing that could make me stop. It’s like there’s somebody else controlling my throat, my voice, my mouth, my jaw muscles. It’s almost like having a gun held to my head. There’s nothing that can stop me from opening my mouth to tell them what they need to know. I would say that more than half the messages are positive. For instance, I remember one man--I haven’t seen him since--I told him, ‘Be sure to check the brakes on your car.’ Because I could see him sliding into an accident.”

Currently, the psychic ability has reached the point where Kenneth can use it at any time. Says Kenneth, “I can actually do readings at will. I can meet a person and all of a sudden I’m telling them the directions they need to go in. I’m telling them things

about their past, things about their future. Sometimes I'm telling them things about their health or what they need to watch out for."

On other occasions, Kenneth will see sequences of numbers flash before his eyes. He hasn't been able to extract any meaningful pattern. As he says, "It's like reading an eye chart." Whether it's just a flashback memory, a message from the ETs, or some kind of psychic thing, Kenneth has no idea.

At some point, he decided that he should probably tell his family what was happening to him. He didn't bother to tell his parents as they were both skeptical of UFO. His brothers, however, had each seen UFOs on more than one occasion. He told each of them what happened. They were all supportive, but none had any memory of anything like this occurring. His youngest brother did report one particular vivid nightmare where he found himself in a beam of light floating out of his bed. However, he insisted to Kenneth that it was just a nightmare and that he had never experienced anything like Kenneth had.

Why, he wondered, *would the aliens pick me?* He considers himself a less than ideal human specimen. He has two genetic diseases, high blood pressure and Crohn's disease. Both diabetes and cancer also run in his family. He has smoked cigarettes for twenty years. He found it hard to believe that the aliens were at all interested in his genetic line.

And yet, as he said, they seemed proud of their accomplishment. He speculates that they are so advanced that they are probably able to overcome the genetic problems, though they have never healed him.

He has often considered undergoing hypnotic regression, but is unable to reconcile his conflicting feelings. On one hand, he wants to know what happened to him and feels like it might be therapeutic. On the other hand, he is afraid of making an already volatile and unstable situation even worse. Perhaps, he thought, he would be better off not knowing. His therapist believed that hypnosis should only be a last resort, and that it had the potential to severely interrupt his daily life, not to mention the controversy of hypnotically-retrieved memories being possibly contaminated by imagination or memories of other people's accounts.

Says Kenneth, "I have read a lot of the pros and cons. I know it's a very controversial form of therapy, and I'm personally undecided about it. I would prefer to remember things on my own, and let my memory of what's been happening come back."

He doesn't feel that the ETs who are contacting him are evil, however, neither does he believe that they are here to help him. Says Kenneth, "From what little I can remember--as my memory pieces itself together--my feeling is that they are not kind. They see us as lab rats. To them we are nothing more than lab rats for experimentation. And I feel that any hybridization process that they're doing--trying to blend both races--is wrong. I don't know why they would want to do such a thing."

Today Kenneth has become increasingly concerned with the idea of upcoming Earth changes. He feels certain that there will soon be climatic changes on such a massive scale, that it may cause widespread death and destruction. Most recently, he has been having a bizarre series of vivid dreams on this theme.

Says Kenneth, "This is a recurring dream. I have it several times a month and this has been going on for a few years. I have dreams where I'm seeing people crawling in the streets, and I'm trying to warn them, 'Don't drink the water! Don't go near the water!' I can see the sun. I can even feel in these dreams. I can feel the heat. I can see people dying or near-death in the streets. I can see people who are alive and I can see them crawling towards a stream or even towards a ditch that might be filled with water."

In the dreams, Earth's atmosphere has taken on a hazy golden hue, as if the air has been somehow changed or polluted. The food is gone, the water supply is poisonous, and people are dying by the hundreds of thousands in every town and city across the world. The dreams are frightening, and have reinforced his fears that humanity is on the brink of major disaster.

He wonders if perhaps the Bible might be right and that there will be an apocalyptic event, perhaps even involving divine intervention, or the intervention of alien beings.

In any case, Kenneth feels certain that the ETs will return again. Whatever their agenda is, they show no signs of going away.

Conclusions

While some people still remain skeptical of UFOs and extraterrestrials, the witnesses in this book do not have such luxuries. They have no choice: they know UFOs are real.

Each of the ten cases in this book involves face-to-face contact with extraterrestrials. And yet, many of the witnesses have varying problems with memory recall. Despite this, nearly all of them have outside witnesses to support their stories. Several of them have also experienced medical symptoms as a result of the encounters.

It is difficult to understand the UFO phenomenon based on a single case. But as the database about ETs continues to grow, a clearer picture is formed. Each of the accounts adds to our knowledge about extraterrestrials, who they are, where they come from, and their agenda on our planet.

Kevin Kamman's account (Chapter One) is unusual in that he wasn't abducted against his will. Instead, he asked to be taken onboard a UFO. I first met Kevin in San Diego while giving a UFO lecture. During the lecture I displayed some illustrations of Praying Mantis-type ETs. Afterwards, Kevin approached, explained that he had encountered similar-looking ETs, and began to tell me about his encounter. I could see the sincerity and emotion in his eyes as he spoke.

Kamman's encounter with Praying Mantis-type ETs contains many unusual features. He was invited aboard and was actually lifted from a Navy ship into a UFO which only he and his friend could see. Instead of diminutive grays, he saw toweringly tall Praying Mantis ETs. Instead of being physically examined, he was able to converse with the ETs about themselves and their agenda on Earth. Like other witnesses in this book, he was given prophecies of future disasters. He also apparently traveled into the past. While time travel would seem to be the stuff of science fiction, these types of reports also manifest in other cases.

Another interesting feature was that the ship appeared to change sizes. One moment the room would be small, the next it would be much larger. Kevin had no idea that this detail, while rare, has also turned up in other cases.

Unlike most "abductees," Kevin had no prior history of UFOs. Interestingly, however, he has a twin brother named Kim, who would later experience an abduction by gray ETs.

Another curious aspect of Kevin's story is he forgot about it for a period of years, until suddenly (without the aid of hypnosis) the memory of it came rushing back. This is also a pattern that appears in other cases.

Kevin's encounter, while initially frightening to him, was essential benign, if not friendly. Ultimately, it has left him a changed man. Each time he looks at the faint scar on his hand, he remembers. Each time there is a massive disaster in the world, he

remembers. Today he maintains profound interest in UFOs and has spoken publicly about his experiences on the radio.

Like several of the people whose experiences are portrayed in this book, Taylor Foster (Chapter Two) requested to remain anonymous. Taylor is an easy-going, funny, intelligent guy. An early childhood encounter with Nordics evolved into a lifelong contact with gray-type ETs. For the most part, Taylor has no fear of his experiences. In several instances, he was able to converse with the ETs, even to the point where they fulfilled his requests to show him how they seemed to defy physics as they traveled in their ships or moved through solid walls. Taylor's description of being inside a chair filled with fluid is highly reminiscent of an experience reported by Betty Andreasson, which Taylor knew nothing about.

Taylor's case (like Kevin Kamman's) also involves an incident of time manipulation. Taylor was able to move, while everyone and everything was frozen around him.

The screen memories Taylor describes are typical, including both deer and owls. Interestingly, by sheer force of will, he was able to see through them.

Like other people in this book, Taylor recounts experiences with alien implants, including one in his nose, and another on his face.

Taylor, like many of the witnesses in this book, is not alone with his encounters. His wife and family and neighbors have all seen the UFOs. For whatever reason, Taylor is a UFO magnet. Like other witnesses, he feels that he and the ETs have some type of relationship and that they are his friends.

William Trimble, on the other hand (Chapter Three), might not feel the same. William experienced a missing time episode when he was twelve years old, while delivering newspapers. The devastating medical symptoms apparently caused by the UFO left him bed-bound for nearly a year.

William is one of the few witnesses in this book who used regressive hypnosis to recover his memories. While the results were somewhat unexpected in that the ETs were not the typical grays, William was still left wondering about his experience, especially because since then, he recalled another encounter with a "small figure" and as an adult, has had dreams of small figures entering into his bedroom. For whatever reason, William appears to have been chosen by the ETs. The reason why remains to be seen. He does admit to a recent interest in alternative healing. This is a strong pattern in cases like his. Perhaps that is the reason he was chosen.

Jeannie Noble (Chapter Four) is one of the nicest people you will ever meet. She became aware that she was in contact with ETs after waking up one evening nearly choking from the after-effects of an encounter. While she did have an obsessive interest in UFOs and often dreamed about them, and even sometimes sensed strange figures in her room, she had remained in denial. She finally sought hypnosis and discovered that she was having encounters with a giant grasshopper-like ET.

Like the majority of the other witnesses, she has been given prophecies and believes that open official contact with the ETs is part of our near future.

Stan Hughes (Chapter Five) experienced what is arguably the friendliest encounter portrayed in this book. He has since become a good friend. Whenever he mentions the incident of the UFO landing on the road in front of him, and the handsome star-man exiting the craft, I can see the longing in his eyes. His friendly encounters extend to the point that the UFOs put on displays, flaring up in response to telepathic messages, or even giving warnings of family troubles, and celebrating healing ceremonies.

Stan's Native American ancestry seems to be a factor in his encounters. Certainly many other Native Americans report similar friendly experiences, and also look upon the ETs as their ancestors.

Connie Lopez (Chapter Six) does not feel the same as Stan. Her fully conscious encounter with a gray-type ET outside her window left her so shaken that she ended up selling their home and moving. The fact that the ET showed up to examine Connie's newborn baby betrays the ETs' interest in reproduction. What is so strange about this encounter is the alien's apparent attempts to open a window that can't physically be opened. With their technology, why not just walk through the wall?

Connie's experience of a "force-field" holding her down has been reported in other cases, including Jeannie Noble. The ETs ability to paralyze a witness is well-known among witnesses and investigators.

The ET described by Connie was in most respects, a typical gray, except for a feature of the suction-cups on its fingers, a detail which is only rarely described.

Unlike most of the witnesses, Connie has no history of UFO encounters. While she does report other strange experiences, including several ghost encounters, her encounter with the gray-type ET appears to have been a singular event.

Like many early experiencers, she wasn't sure how to categorize her experience until suddenly images of gray-type ETs flooded the media. Only then did she fully understand what she had seen. Connie has no history of UFO encounters, and has had no other encounters. Nor does she want to. Although many years have passed since the incident, she still regards it as the single most frightening moment of her life.

Harry Williams (Chapter Seven) is a shy and reserved gentleman, but he has no problems talking openly about his UFO experiences. Despite the fact that his encounters have often inspired a strong fear reaction, he calls the aliens his "buddies." For reasons that are still unclear to him, the aliens watch Harry very closely. He believes that they have improved his health and kept him strong and young-looking even into his seventies.

Like other abductees, Harry has experienced missing time episodes as well as fully conscious encounters. He has evidence of being implanted. And like most people who are having extensive UFO encounters, the people around Harry have also encountered UFOs. What makes Harry's case stand out from others is how closely

Harry is being monitored. It's one thing to have occasional visitations, and quite another to be followed multiple times on your way to work, and then on your way home.

Harry's claim of feeling "watched" is another red flag that turns up in case after case. His fear of intruders is also not uncommon among abductees.

Like several of the cases in this book, Harry has lived nearly his entire life dealing with the ETs. His contact with them is sometimes so close, that he can step outside on any given evening and there they will be, his UFO buddies, watching him from way up in the sky.

Jim Kuebelbeck's (Chapter Eight) encounter is one of two cases in this book that occurred aboard a Navy ship. He and nearly a dozen of his shipmates observed (with binoculars) unidentified glowing objects several miles away from their ship. They discussed the objects at length and even contacted the ship's bridge. Strangely, the next day, most of the men who witnessed the strange lights had no recall of them whatsoever. Their memories were wiped entirely clean. However, a few did remember. Not only that, they reported strange "dreams." This, I think adds to the probability that Jim's encounter wasn't a dream at all. The fact that amnesia was involved in the encounter makes me wonder if Kuebelbeck and the other men had missing time on that evening. Kuebelbeck had no indication of this, but it remains a possibility.

Jim's interaction with the bridge crew of the USS Valley Forge also adds validity to the encounter. Why were they being so secretive? Why did the ship turn away from the UFOs? Was the crewmember Kuebelbeck had spoken with truly evacuated from the ship? If so, why?

Jim feels that he was contacted by ETs because they wanted to teach humanity about alternative energy sources, and he was a good candidate to understand and spread their message. Like many abductees, he was shown the engine room aboard the ET craft, and as a result, became obsessed with building a "free energy" motor. The fact that he succeeded in his task makes his case even more astonishing.

Jim's is another case of benevolent ET contact, and shows again that ETs seem to care about the welfare of humanity and the planet. He felt it was important that his story be recorded, and I agree, which is why I included it in this collection. Like other witnesses, he has developed an interest in alternative areas--in this instance, water-dowsing.

Perhaps the most unusual case in this book, Jill Wheeler's experience (Chapter Nine) involved a nine-foot-tall, orange-haired, human-looking alien (wearing a cape) that healed her of an undiagnosed severe illness.

There are many unusual aspects about Jill's experience. Apparently she wasn't taken inside a UFO, but into a base of some kind. It was large and filled with people, many of them apparently like her--taken unawares. The stadium-like ceiling, the office-like cubicles, and the normal-looking carpet are hardly typical of UFOs. And yet, the figure she saw, insists Jill, was not human.

The fact that she was healed, and was sore for days afterwards, seems to indicate that her experience was entirely physical. Supporting this is the testimony of her toddler child who reported being taken aboard a craft on the same night. In addition, Jill was unable to awaken her family immediately after the encounter--a feature that often occurs in UFO cases. Also one must still explain the artifact in her lung.

Interestingly, her health decline began only after an incident in which she found a "foreign object" which fell from her nose. Could it be that the implant was affecting her health in some way?

Like several other people in this book, she had unexplained childhood encounters. She has yet to recover the memories of what these involved.

Jill's contacts have continued her entire life, but like many others, she has no idea why. And while her experiences have been largely benevolent, she does not believe that her ETs are her friends. While they did heal her, she felt like a lab rat, and the ETs showed little regard for her feelings.

One of the most frustrating things for Jill is that she has not been able to find a single case in the UFO literature in which somebody has described an ET like the one she saw. While many other people are able to get some measure of corroboration and validation, Jill's ET is maddeningly unique.

While she feels certain that the figure she saw was extraterrestrial, she leaves her experience open to interpretation. The only thing she knows for sure is: it wasn't a dream.

Jill, like other abductees, had another fully conscious encounter in which the ETs took her and showed her a hybrid child, and told her that the child was hers. Like other people who have had this experience, she felt some ambivalence. She felt the maternal bond, but at the same time, this was an alien child. And she still wonders? Why her? What is so special about her that she was chosen for this experience?

The final story in this book features medical worker, Kenneth Anderson (Chapter Ten.) Kenneth's case is definitely on the extreme end of the scale. The numerous close-up UFO sightings, missing time episodes and medical effects have made it difficult for him to live a normal life. On multiple occasions, he has found unexplained burns and bruises on his body.

Kenneth's encounters have caused him considerable fear and trauma and have not been particularly friendly. He feels certain that he was implanted, and received some indication of this at the doctor's office.

And yet there are some interesting spiritual aspects to his case. The ETs did attempt to communicate with him, sending him telepathic messages of their incipient arrival, and even contacting him through his cell phone. The phone encounter may sound incredible, but it is not unique. Dozens of similar cases are on record.

Kenneth has not undergone hypnosis to recall the missing time episodes in his life. Despite this, he has remembered some of what occurred through dreams and waking flashbacks. He also had a fully conscious experience, including one in which the

ETs explained to him why they contacted him. Kenneth (like Jill Wheeler) was shown a child and told it was his. And like Jill, he was not entirely enthusiastic, but still felt love for his child.

And while Kenneth does not feel friendly toward the ETs, he admits that they have given him warnings and prophecies of future earth changes, and they have also been extremely insistent regarding psychic visions, practically forcing him to give psychic readings to random strangers. He was able to converse with them regarding their agenda. As they told him face-to-face: "We have not come to hurt you."

One example of the ETs' puzzling behavior is that on the night of one Kenneth's most intense encounters, his two older brothers also saw UFOs on the same night, clearly an orchestrated event. Interestingly, this allowed Kenneth to come out of the closet as a UFO abductee to his brothers, who--having just seen UFOs--were now open-minded enough to believe him.

Like other witnesses in this book, he wonders why him? Even though the ETs explained their purposes, he still feels it was a strange choice.

Each of the ten cases in this book has volumes to tell us about extraterrestrials, who they are and their agenda on Earth. As we have seen, ETs are interested in everything human. They also are concerned about the future of our planet. They are warning us about disasters. They are giving information about alternative energy sources. They are inspiring people to perform psychic healings and psychic readings.

At the same time, the ETs have a technology that approaches magic. They are able to fly around in ships that move in ways that seem to defy physics. They are able to take people from their homes, their cars, or even from a navy ship. They can render objects invisible, walk through walls and heal people of chronic illness.

With all these abilities, why resort to warning humans about upcoming disasters when they could fix things themselves? Are ETs planning on open official contact? Do they have our best interests in mind? These and other questions remain unanswered.

The question of UFO hostility versus benevolence is, as we have seen, not so easily answered. While cases like Stan Hughes' have been unquestionably friendly, others are not so cut and dry. In several of the cases in this book, the ETs are interfering with people's bodies, kidnapping them and suppressing their memory of the event. And yet, none of the witnesses feels that the ETs they have encountered were evil or sadistic. In this regard, they are certainly more advanced than some humans.

Ultimately I have learned to judge each case on its own merits. Each case is as unique as the person who experiences it. Only the witnesses themselves know what they have experienced. Bravely they have allowed their stories to be told so that others may know the truth.

And the truth is that UFOs are visiting our planet. There appear to be multiple types and sub-types of ETs. People are being contacted as children and closely monitored their entire lives. The ETs have multiple agendas, which fall into four primary categories. Firstly, they are interested in human genetics. There are now enough

cases on record to confirm that the ETs (primarily the grays) are creating hybrid offspring, children who presumably grow up onboard UFOs. In half the cases of this book, the witnesses report being physically examined by the ETs. Two report physical injuries. Two report physical healings.

ETs are not only interested in our bodies, but our minds and spirit. Whenever information is shared, it is usually in regards to alternative energy or some type of psychic development. They appear to be influencing the people they contact. Six out of ten cases involve witnesses who claim to have been mentally or spiritually enlightened in some profound way as a direct result of their encounter.

The ETs' interest in all things human extends to our entire planet, the home-place of humanity which they feel, apparently, is becoming dangerously altered. Warnings of upcoming disasters, as we have seen, appeared in three of the accounts in this book. Over and over again, ETs are warning of natural disasters, nuclear proliferation, pollution, over-population and more. They are clearly trying to save us from our own stupidity and savagery. Hopefully, we will listen.

What we do know for certain is that the Modern Age of UFOs, beginning in 1947, has not stopped. The ETs show no sign of leaving. In fact, it appears that we are trending toward open contact. When this will happen remains an open question. If trends continue as they are, it might not be long.

About the Author

Preston Dennett began researching UFOs in 1986, after hearing about a dramatic sighting on the news by a pilot flying over Alaska. Curious, he asked his friends, family and co-workers what they thought of the pilot's sighting. He discovered that his brother and his two friends saw a structured UFO, which they chased for miles across Reseda, California. His sister-in-law told him that she and her two friends observed a UFO over Van Nuys Air Reserve Base. She later had a face-to-face encounter with two gray-type ETs also in Van Nuys. Another sister-in-law revealed her own childhood encounters with short humanoids in Woodland Hills, California. Meanwhile, a friend revealed that he and his girlfriend had a scary close-up encounter with a triangular formation of lights while parked along Mulholland Highway in Topanga Canyon. Another friend in Topanga Canyon (a pilot and scuba diver) described how she and her friend saw an egg-like object fly over their home. Preston's co-workers also had dramatic encounters to share, including missing-time events and face-to-face encounters with gray-type ETs.

Preston plunged headlong into UFO research. He bought all the books he could find, subscribed to all the magazines. He attended UFO meetings and conventions. He joined all the UFO groups he could find and became a field investigator for the Mutual UFO Network.

Since then he has interviewed thousands of witnesses and written more than 100 articles and twenty books about UFOs and the paranormal. His articles have appeared in the *MUFON Journal, Fate*, *Atlantis Rising*, *UFO Universe*, *UFO*, *Mysteries Magazines*, the *Ufologist*, *Nexus*, *Paranormal Magazine*, *Perihelion*, and many more.

His writing has appeared in such newspapers as the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Los Angeles Daily News*, the *Dallas Morning News*, the *Tri-Cities Herald*, and more.

He has appeared on many radio shows including the *X-Zone*, the *Art Bell Show*, *Midnight in the Desert*, *Coast-to-Coast*, *Dreamland*, *Exploring Unexplained Phenomena* and many others. He has also made television appearances on a variety of programs including *Encounters*, *National Geographic Explorer*, *Sightings*, *Unsealed*, the *Jesse Ventura Show*, *Deep Sea UFOs*, *UFO Hunters* and more.

His writing has been translated into several different languages including Russian, German, Portuguese, French, Icelandic and more. He has lectured widely across the southwestern United States and taught classes on UFOs and various paranormal subjects.

He currently resides in southern California.

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Books by Preston Dennett

Inside UFOs	Blue Giant Books, 2017
UFOs over Arizona	Schiffer Publishing, 2016
Not from Here: Volume 2	Blue Giant Books, 2016
Not from Here: Volume 1	Blue Giant Books, 2016
UFOs over Nevada	Schiffer Publishing, 2014
UFOs over New Mexico	Schiffer Publishing, 2012
Ghosts of Greater Los Angeles	Schiffer Publishing, 2010
Bigfoot, Yeti & Other Apemen (for children)	Chelsea House, 2009
UFOs over New York	Schiffer Publishing, 2008
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The Coronado Island UFO Incident	Galde Press, 2007
Human Levitation	Schiffer Publishing, 2007
Supernatural California	Schiffer Publishing, 2006
UFOs over California	Schiffer Publishing, 2005
Out-of-Body Exploring	Hampton Roads Publishing, 2004
California Ghosts	Schiffer Publishing, 2004
Extraterrestrial Visitations	Llewellyn Publications, 2001
UFOs Over Topanga Canyon	Llewellyn Publications, 1999
One in Forty: The UFO Epidemic	Kroshka Books, 1997
UFO Healings	Wild Flower Press, 1996